THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 730 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 49.

TAKE COURAGE.

BY A. L. F.

Fainting heart, look up, take courage,
Clouds are melting fast away,
And beyond night's glowing portals
Breaks the dawn of cloudless day.

Let the rays of hope's bright sunshine
Penetrate thy weary heart;
And with courage strong and mighty,
In life's contest take thy part.

Ne'er give way to idle dreaming.
Act with all thy will and might,
Push thy way through inky darkness
Towards the blessed realm of light.

All around is dark as midnight,
Low hang clouds of dim despair,
But look upward, fainting traveler,
And behold—the light is there!

THE GRAY CLOAK.

—OR—

My Lady's Diamonds.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

VERY reluctantly George prepared to go and see his brother. Rather than go to the house which held Floss he would have asked Lord Heatherbloom to come to him; but he could not think of any reason to give for this, and he was nervously afraid of betraying his change of feeling towards Floss. Altogether he felt anything but fitted for a difficult interview; and he could only hope and pray that Heatherbloom had really got nothing particular to say to him.

This hope however was a delusive one. George's heart sank within him when he found Lord Heatherbloom was so eager to see him that he could not wait, but the moment he heard his familiar knock hurried out into the hall to meet him.

"Come to my study, George!" he exclaimed, checking his brother in a tendency to go towards Lady Heatherbloom's morning-room.

"Is Cordelia in?" said George, feeling conscious of his cowardice. "I want to say good-bye to her, as I am going away for a time. London is so awfully hot."

"Nonsense! You can't go away just now," declared Lord Heatherbloom very decidedly. "Come in here, and listen to what I have to say."

"What is it?" queried George, wondering what could have been discovered.

Lord Heatherbloom took him into his study and shut the door.

"I believe we shall clear Floss!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Then there'll be no need to wait till she comes of age for the marriage. I won't stand in the way of her happiness an hour when once I have cleared her; and I believe I can!"

"Do you?" said George, trying his best to put a great deal of eagerness into his tone. He was conscious that the result was a lamentable failure. But Lord Heatherbloom did not observe it. His mind was completely taken up with what he had himself to say.

"You remember it was principally Riddell's evidence which condemned Floss; well, I am going to say a thing which sounds extraordinary about such an old and valued servant. I begin to think Riddell herself took the diamonds and very cleverly threw the suspicion on Floss."

"Ah!" was all George's comment; could Lord Heatherbloom have understood, it meant—

"You're on that old track, are you? That's a worn-out path."

Lord Heatherbloom did not understand. Nevertheless he was puzzled by the dry tone in which the ejection was uttered.

"You think it very improbable?" he said. "So did I at first—not only improbable, but impossible. Yet, after all, it's easier to believe it of old Riddell than of Floss."

"One would say say so indeed!" said George, by a great effort speaking with tolerable naturalness.

His heart was heavy as lead at the thought of how short a time ago he would have agreed vehemently to this.

"Mills came to me a day or two ago, here in the study, and began by bursting into tears. I saw she had worked herself up to saying something, so I waited to hear what it was. At last it came out. Certainly it did not amount to very much; but it put me on the track. She said Riddell had been talking down-stairs about a fortune that had been left to her, and that she meant to leave our service. Mills thought I ought to know this, and also the fact that Riddell was the only other servant in the house who knew of the place where the key of the jewel-case is kept. Well, I applauded Mills for telling me anything that came to her knowledge; but I did not think much of her information. Soon afterwards however Riddell herself came to me and told me the same story—that she had had a small fortune left her, and that she proposed to take a holiday for the rest of her natural life. I thought I might venture to ask who left her the fortune. She hesitated, and seemed not to wish to answer; so to help her, I hazarded the remark that I had always understood she had no relatives alive except an aunt who was poorer than herself. 'Quite true, my Lord,' said Riddell; and positively the old woman blushed which I should have thought was a physical impossibility—'quite true,' she said; 'and indeed I thought so myself.' Then she turned still redder; evidently she thought she had made a mistake. She closed her lips after, and would not say another word. I tried all I could to get something more out of her; but no, she had made up her mind to let out nothing else. I got Cordelia to question her; but she said she might as well have questioned a stone. Now I am going to have the police in."

George was standing with his back to him, looking out of the window.

"Don't do that," he said, without turning.

"Not do it! And why? Once grant that Riddell did the thing herself, it's very easy to account for most of the circumstances that went so against Floss. Riddell put the rose into the safe; Riddell put the money on Floss's desk. As to the story of Floss being seen leaving the house that night, it all falls to the ground. Riddell made it up. How she could have the face to tell it to me as she did I can't imagine—a woman that's borne a character for uprightfulness and honesty all her life! She must be a consummate hypocrite."

"I don't think she is," answered George quietly, turning round, "and I don't think she did it."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lord Heatherbloom, somewhat nettled at last by something he could not understand in George's manner. "Perhaps you prefer to think Floss did it then?"

"No, no!" answered George, for a moment hardly knowing how to reply. Then he added—"But I don't like the idea of putting the police on to Mrs. Riddell. She has had a character in this house good enough to weigh against such a suspicion as this."

"Heaven bless my soul, George!" exclaimed Lord Heatherbloom, in unmixed astonishment. "The last time I saw you you were all the other way; you'd have had the whole household of servants put into the dock at once. I don't understand you. And you look queer, as if you'd been up all night."

"So I have," said George, with a joyless laugh.

"It's muddled your brains then. It can do no harm to Riddell to have the thing thoroughly investigated now; if she got her money honestly, it will come out all right."

"I she had got her fortune from the sale of the diamonds," observed George, "and were the liar that you give her credit for being, it seems to me that she would have prepared a story for you as to who had left her the money."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Lord Heatherbloom. "It is a well-known fact that the greatest crimes have been discovered in consequence of some such little over-sight. It is not so easy as it seems to frame a complete tissue of lies; it nearly always breaks down at some unimportant unthought-of point, which betrays the whole thing. I suspect it is so in this case. Riddell probably never for a moment thought that I should take the trouble to inquire who left her the money. Indeed I never should have done so but for the idea that was in my mind. If Mills had not made the suggestion to me, I am sure I should never have thought of it. And Riddell probably relied on her knowledge of my character; and she was very correct."

"This is horrible!" exclaimed George, after a moment's pause. "Why is it that the suspicion in this affair shifts from one unlikely person to another?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I had no idea you would be so concerned about Riddell. If she has been putting on all this honesty and integrity of hers all these years, the sooner she's exposed the better, to my mind."

"I don't believe she has."

"In fact," said Lord Heatherbloom testily "you are going to take up the cudgels for her just as you did for Floss—without a particle of reason or evidence. The more fact that you don't wan't to believe a person guilty is not enough to prove him innocent."

"I know that," said George, his eyes on the ground. "But, at all events, promise you won't proceed to any extreme lengths with Riddell; even if she were guilty, you must remember her years of faithful service."

"Oh, I'll remember them!" said Lord Heatherbloom sarcastically. "Now you won't talk of leaving town again. The idea is preposterous at such a moment. Just consider man, that all this suspicion that attached to Floss might be removed in a day or two."

George said nothing. He saw it would not do to go away; he must wear an appearance of interest in the matter, unless he chose to tell all that he knew, and so ruin all Floss's chance of escape at once. He began to think, in spite of his idea of loyalty to her, that this was absolutely his duty. But he could not bring himself to do it.

At this moment there came a—to him—most welcome interruption, for he knew not what to say or do next. To have the difficulty postponed even for a few minutes was a relief.

Lady Heatherbloom opened the door and came in. She was looking pale and anxious; but this did not take away from her beauty, which had a tendency to too great a voluptuousness.

"Oh, are you here, George?" she said, and hesitated, but finally came in and sat down. "It makes no difference: you may as well hear what I have to say. I want to speak about Floss."

George groaned. He was standing by the mantel-shelf, and he now put his elbows on it and hid his face in his hands. It was a singularly demonstrative action for him.

"Perhaps you would rather I did not?" said Lady Heatherbloom rather timidly.

George turned round hastily.

"No, no," he said; "go on."

He was looking ill now; the effect of the shock and of this subsequent strain of indecision was telling on him heavily.

Lady Heatherbloom went on in a much more gentle tone than was habitual with her.

"Arthur," she said, addressing her husband, "I want you to listen to me. I think you are making a mistake in the way you are dealing with Floss. The servants know quite well that she is not ill. This must come out, as things of that sort always do; and I am not at all sure now that half our set are not perfectly aware of the state of things. Servants love a scandal of that sort too dearly to lose the chance of spreading it."

She paused a moment; but neither Lord Heatherbloom nor his brother made an answer, which led her to suppose they saw good reason in what she said.

"I think," she went on, "that you should either send or take Floss immediately into the country, placing her where she would both be taken good care of and watched, or else you should let her take her ordinary place in the household. It is absurd to lock her up, as if she were a child in disgrace."

"I wished to prevent her holding any communication with accomplices outside the house," said Lord Heatherbloom.

"How blind men are!" observed Lady Heatherbloom. "She could hold any amount of communication with these supposed accomplices at her window when we are out at night."

George started violently at this; conscious guilt was in the face. But Lady Heatherbloom was not looking at him; she was watching her husband, who did exhibit a certain amount of shamefacedness at her superior penetration.

"That is perfectly true, Cordelia," he said. "I always thought women were born intriguers; it is a case of set a thief to catch a thief. It would never have occurred to me to fancy Floss conversing out of her window. I suppose I am stupid. Well, what do you propose?"

"I have a number of calls to make this afternoon; I propose that Floss drives out with me."

The men both looked at her in surprise.

"That is a bold step, Cordelia," said Lord Heatherbloom.

"She really is not likely to run away, Arthur. How can she, or why should she? That would immediately condemn her now; and the police would telegraph all over the kingdom, and she would be in custody by the evening. If she is the guilty creature you fancy her, she would know this. Her best chance, now that the jewels are safely lodged somewhere, is to remain where she is. She knows you would not proceed to extreme measures in her case. And what harm can her going with me do? She is not likely to meet receivers of stolen goods in the drawing-rooms of our friends. Whereas, if she is innocent, her going will do great good, for it will prevent her reputation receiving that worst of all blots—a slur that is not understood. Such a thing lasts all a woman's life. And, as I understand that George intends to make her his wife in any case, this should be considered."

"You are right, Cordelia," said Lord Heatherbloom.

After a moment's pause for thought, he added—

"Take her out with you if you think it

well to do so. Tell Mills to watch her, but as unobtrusively as possible, when she is at home. The worst of it is the meeting her; I'm ashamed to say it, but I dread that."

"She must go out with us to-night," added Lady Heatherbloom. "After all, you need hardly see her, except when we are going out. We are engaged every night for three weeks. I do not think that in the daytime she will seek your society, after what has happened."

"Well," said Lord Heatherbloom, "this is your doing, Cordelia, and I trust to your discretion. You have spoken from a kind heart and out of warm womanly sympathy; but you have also all the qualities of a woman of the world, and I trust you will use these in taking charge of Floss."

Lady Heatherbloom leaned back in her chair and put her lace handkerchief to her lips—she was looking very pale.

"I will do my best," she said, much more faintly than she had hitherto spoken.

"You are not well, Cordelia," remarked George—"I am sure you are not; you have looked so pale the last few days."

"The fact is," she answered, apparently rousing herself to speak again with some effort, "the season always tries me; and this thing happening in the very thick of it was enough to upset anybody. I am only feeling tired; I shall be all right when we get away from town."

"We will go the first moment that we can," said Lord Heatherbloom; "but it will be no rest and no change to any of us if this mystery is not solved. I will do my best to have it cleared. I shall communicate with the police at once, and have the detectives put on to watch Riddell and her affairs."

"I am sure it is not Riddell," said George.

"I am sure it is not Riddell!" exclaimed Lady Heatherbloom. "You ought to wait for more evidence, Arthur, before you communicate with the police."

"No," declared Lord Heatherbloom resolutely; "I shall do it at once."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT afternoon Lady Heatherbloom went herself to Floss and asked her to dress and drive out with her. She offered no explanation, and Floss asked for none.

There was still a coldness in Lady Heatherbloom's eyes when they rested on her, which Floss understood only too well; but she did not hesitate about accepting this alleviation of her imprisonment. Floss was naturally a very gay creature—loving movement, light, and air. She was already beginning to suffer from her solitude and confinement—nothing could have been more welcome to her than this suggestion of Lady Heatherbloom's.

Just as they turned out of the Park into Piccadilly they passed George Hazel. He was standing on the pavement; he had seen the carriage coming, and was watching Floss and marvelling at the glow that was on her face.

Just as the carriage passed, Floss saw him; she started forward to look again, a shock of joy lighting up her eyes at the sight of her lover, whose last words had been so passionate and so fond; but George was gazing at her with a cold sternness which did not change or relax even when her eyes met his.

His look affected her as if she had come suddenly into contact with some cold and cruel thing. Floss sank back in the carriage overpowered and sick at heart, the gladness faded out of her eyes, and her lips grew pale and set.

When they reached home, Floss said timidly that she would rather not go out in the evening.

"Oh, nonsense," declared Lady Heatherbloom; "you had better come! I advise you to do so, even if you are tired."

"Then I will yield to your wishes," said Floss submissively. She began to cling to Lady Heatherbloom as she had never done before. Hitherto she had always felt the Earl to be her friend; now it seemed as if he had thrown her aside utterly. The sight of George's face had sent into her heart a great pang of loneliness; and she felt as if Lady Heatherbloom was the one charitable and gentle soul to whom she could turn for sympathy.

She felt also that her wisest plan was to obey Lady Heatherbloom and submit altogether to her guidance, for it was the only aid that she had. It was difficult for her to overcome a certain fear of Lady Heatherbloom which she had always entertained of her; but this was less hard than to stand altogether alone.

So she went to her room, which was now no longer her prison, and prepared to dress for dinner.

Here Mills brought her some tea, for Floss would not go to the drawing-room; if Lord Heatherbloom dreaded meeting her, she quite as vividly dreaded meeting him.

Lord Heatherbloom carried out his resolution; he communicated with the police, and the next morning an officer came to him for orders.

"If Riddell can show where her money has come from, once again this affair shall be dropped," said Lord Heatherbloom, when he had explained the new development; "but, if not, she must be arrested on suspicion."

Mrs. Riddell was sent for, and was indefatigably questioned and cross-questioned in Lord Heatherbloom's study by the officer; but she would not explain how the money had got to her.

"It is useless my lord," said the officer at last; "she will tell me nothing."

"Riddell," Lord Heatherbloom urged, "will you not tell me? I have a very strong reason for pressing you like this."

"My lord," Mrs. Riddell replied, looking as she stood there the personification of old-fashioned dignity and uprightness, "I have served you honestly, and your father before you, all my life; still, my Lord—with all respect I say it—I am your servant, not your slave; I have my own independence, and a right over my own affairs."

"Certainly, Riddell," agreed Lord Heatherbloom, biting his lip under the shelter of his moustache. "Do your duty," he added to the officer, and hastily left the room.

A little later, and the Heatherbloom household was utterly amazed by the news that Mrs. Riddell was under arrest, on suspicion of having stolen the Heatherbloom diamonds.

Lady Heatherbloom and Floss were going out to lunch that day; Mills had been in the Countess's dressing-room all the morning busy at work; but, after Lady Heatherbloom was dressed, she went downstairs.

Before she reached the servants' hall she heard the news, and she turned back, to meet Floss on the stairway.

"There's no more trouble for you, Miss," she whispered; "the police have arrested Mrs. Riddell."

The color rushed into Floss's face; she could not disguise a feeling of relief so great she hardly knew how to bear it.

"And yet I am sorry too, Mills," she said. "Who would have imagined Mrs. Riddell could be so wicked—and so cruel?"

Lady Heatherbloom was waiting for Floss; so she went on hastily and got into the carriage.

She did not venture to say anything about this news to the Countess; she sat and thought of it, and gradually yielded herself up completely to the glad dream of returning happiness.

Now, surely, all this wretchedness would be at an end; and Floss felt rising within her the capacity to doubly enjoy all that she had been deprived of these last few days. And, above all things, she longed for a sight of George, that dark look of suspicion and distrust gone from his face.

They only reached home that day just before dinner; Lord Heatherbloom was out and came in at the last moment, having barely left himself time to dress.

The house seemed very still and quiet; the servants all looked solemn; they were a good deal taken aback at Mrs. Riddell being fixed upon as the culprit, for she had the power of management, and they stood in considerable awe of her.

But Mills had something to say which made Floss feel as if she were treading on air. George Hazel had been there in the afternoon, wishing to see her.

"Then he has heard, and is sorry for looking at me like that," thought Floss.

She determined to take her revenge by making a perfect toilette, for it was probable that she would meet him: that evening at one of the most select dances of the season, at a house where the hostess was charming and everything delightful. People said it was impossible not to enjoy going there.

"I am sure I shall to-night," thought Floss; and her feet began to dance already, for she was a mere girl—indeed, little more than a child; and when happiness came her way it was welcomed as a playfellow.

She dressed herself in cream-color and gold, repeating the lovely tints of her skin and hair. It was impossible for her not to recognize, as she looked at her reflection in the long mirror when all was done, that probably she alone in all London could wear these colors and only appear the fairer under the test; never during this season, which had until lately been for her one long success, had she worn a dress that suited her so well, or herself looked as lovely as to-night.

From the moment she entered the ball-room, Floss's eyes kept watch upon the door. She was longing to meet George again, to feel in his voice, his manner, his touch, that all the old happiness had come back.

But he did not come; and Floss saw with dismay that her card was filling fast. She began to fear that another night was to pass without her seeing him, and her face grew sad at the thought.

But at last he came.

She was dancing as he entered the room; but she saw him instantly, and her feet grew lighter, for they followed her heart. Her partner, a young peer who would have offered her his coronet long ago could he have got George out of the way, fancied that it was his society which made her so gay, which filled her eyes with brilliance, and made her soft laugh so joyous.

When the waltz was over, George came to her and asked her for a dance. She showed him her card, with a face of piteous dismay.

"Why did you not come earlier?" she said.

"Delamere will let you sit out his dance," he replied, after looking at the names on the card. "Ask him; I don't want to dance, I want to speak to you."

This was easily arranged, Mr. Delamere being an intimate friend of George's; and after two more dances, the young man came and claimed Floss, and led her away into one of the tete-a-tete corners provided for the purpose of flirtation.

But George seemed not to be in the humor for flirtation or for love-making. He remained silent for some minutes after he was alone with Floss. At last she could bear it no longer, and, leaning forward a little, put her gloved hand on his arm.

"George," she said, "is there anything wrong? You are not angry with me? And you can't suspect me now?"

"Why?" said George. "Just because the suspicion has been shifted on to some one else? To my mind that makes the matter much worse. This was just what I wanted to speak to you about. I feel I can't let Riddell bear the blame, even if you are heartless enough. Think of it—that she has served us since I can remember and always honestly! What a repayment to make to her!"

The light had faded from Floss's eyes—her lips grew pale—she took her hand away from his arm and drew back from him.

"What can you mean?" she said. "George, what is it that has come between us?"

"Your own deceitfulness," he said hastily and then stopped. He had determined not to reproach her.

What he had to say was plain enough, though he found it very difficult to express; but it involved no reproaches, no judgment on her.

After all, he thought, as he looked into her beautiful eyes, was she responsible for being so complete a mockery?

It was her Creator who had chosen to mask a base unworthy soul behind such perfect loveliness. So he told himself, trying to be charitable, trying to be gentle with this woman, whose near neighborhood still made his pulses beat high. For the love in his heart was wounded, not, as he fancied. Its death-agony had yet to come.

He paused to recover herself, and then made a new beginning.

"I want you to do something for me," he said. "I do not think you can refuse me."

"Tell me what it is!" she returned eagerly, though her voice trembled; for something in his manner made her vaguely dread his next words.

"I want you to go to Heatherbloom and tell him that you know Riddle is innocent. You need say no more; he will understand what you mean, and he will not make you suffer; you are my promised wife, and he will remember that."

"But," said Floss, "I don't know that Riddell is innocent!"

George lifted his hand and let it fall heavily upon his knee; it was a curious expressive gesture, Floss understood that it meant disgust.

It meant even more—despair; but she did not know that. She did not realize that she was stabbing him to the heart with every word. He made no answer for a moment; then he said in a sullen dogged voice—

"Never mind—I want you to do it."

"No," she answered; "I cannot, even for you. I know nothing as to whether Riddell is innocent or not. Why, by saying I do, should I bring suspicion again on myself? I cannot do it, even for you."

"Well, well, be it so!" said George, in sudden passion that he could not control. "If you will not do that, neither will I keep up this farce of ours. It cannot go on between us. I know this much—it was you who left the house the night the diamonds were stolen. I am content to believe then, that you stole them—what else can I think? I had determined to bear the knowledge that my future wife is a thief and a liar; but I cannot endure to see her absolute heartlessness. You must save Riddell at any cost."

Her eyes were fixed upon him and had grown wide with fear: her lips had remained parted as she listened, and had become so white and parched that she could hardly speak a word when she made the attempt.

"George," she said, "how do you know that it was I who left the house that night?"

"Because I found a man that had seen you, not that night only, but once before. He met your face to face the second time; he described you to me. He spoke of your hair and its golden beauty; I showed him that tress you had cut for me, and he recognized it. You can deceive me no longer. I flung that tress you gave me into the Serpentine. I am no longer your slave, blinded, like a fool. But I shall keep my pledge—I will do all I can for you, if you do a little for me."

Just as he had finished speaking, he was startled by feeling that Floss had fallen against him; he had been looking at the ground, and was not observing her. He saw now that she was unconscious; she had fainted dead away, for the first time in her life.

George was so scared by the sight of her white face and breathless lips, that he forgot everything but his love for her, which he found, now that he saw her in this distress, burning as hot within him as though it had received no wound.

At first he could do nothing but kiss her face and call her by every sweet name he could think of; but he soon realized that she needed some more substantial aid than this.

He went for help, and Floss was carried into a quiet room, where Lady Heatherbloom came to her just as she was recovering.

When her eyes first opened, they fell upon George, who was watching her with an anxiety just as intense as though he had never repudiated his affection for her. She turned away from him with a faint cry, and seeing Lady Heatherbloom, held out her hands to her.

Lady Heatherbloom took them and drew a step nearer to Floss. She looked at her with that curious glance, half cold, half pitying, which Floss had met so often in her eyes of late.

But this was better than the disgust and horror with which George had regarded her; and she clung to Lady Heatherbloom as her one friend.

"I will take you home now, Floss," said Lady Heatherbloom, "if you feel able to go."

"Yes, yes," the girl answered eagerly, "take me home."

"George," said Lady Heatherbloom, "will you tell them to call up the carriage?"

Floss said not a word, on the way home, of what had made her ill; she could not nerve herself to speak of it. She lay back still and silent in the carriage, and when they reached the house she went very quietly to her room.

It had looked like a prison a short time ago; now it appeared a haven of rest—for it seemed to her that now indeed her heart was broken. She went to her writing-table and wrote two or three lines to Lord Heatherbloom.

In the morning she was so worn out with a sleepless night that she made no attempt to rise. But she held to her purpose. She sent the note she had written to Lord Heatherbloom.

When he opened it in his study, he gazed at the page as if it held some mystery, so astonished was he. Then he immediately went out, keeping the letter in his hand, and drove to George's chambers.

"George," he said, going straight in upon his brother, and not pausing even to say good morning, "what does this mean? I have a letter here from Floss telling me that she knows Riddell is innocent, and asking me to have her immediately released from arrest. Then she says, if I want any explanation, to ask you, with her authority, to tell me all you know."

"Come, George," he said, after waiting a moment, "speak out and clear up this thing if you can. Do you know who took those diamonds?"

George made no answer; and Lord Heatherbloom, taking this silence as assent added in a low voice—

"Was it Floss?"

His brother had been standing with his back to him, professedly rolling up a cigarette. Now he turned round, letting the cigarette-paper and the tobacco fall from his fingers unheeded. The sight of his face was all the answer Lord Heatherbloom needed.

"This is awful," the latter said under his breath; and, sitting down, he dropped his head upon his hand. "Tell me," he went on, after a long silence, "how you found it out."

With a great effort, George forced himself to speak, and told, in very few words, of his interview with the lamp-lighter.

"And you told her this?"

"Yes. She made no attempt at denial; but she fainted dead away where she sat."

"You mean to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Then I will leave it to you to recover the Heatherbloom diamonds. Get the secret which she keeps so closely from her if you can. They are not to be traced without her help. Good-bye, George, my poor fellow—don't let this thing cut you up more than you can help. I am going to get Riddell out of custody."

That afternoon Riddell resumed her usual place in the household; and the servants were more afraid of her than ever, for she had acquired certain alarming associations from having been so intimately mixed up with the terrible question of the lost diamonds.

Late in the afternoon she asked to speak to Lord Heatherbloom. He was a little nervous about granting this audience, for he expected reproaches; but Riddell had none to make.

"My lord," she began, with more timidity in her manner than he had ever seen before, "I don't know what it is that has got me my release, and I suppose you don't suspect me any longer; but still I want to tell your lordship what I said I never would tell any one, least of all your lordship; but I'm determined to now, else I never should be sure you did not still harbor suspicions against me in your mind ——"

"No, no, Riddell—no!" interrupted Lord Heatherbloom; but the old housekeeper was determined to finish what she had to say.

"I would have died sooner than let the police know it, your lordship, for it would just convince them of my guilt; but I will tell your lordship now, that your mind may be clear about me. I had a brother once, who got into trouble in London—at Heatherlands we all said he was dead, and my mother would never allow us to speak of him but as dead—for he was sent into penal servitude, your lordship; and rather than think of a brother of mine in that way, I learned to think of him as dead. But a little while ago some lawyers found me out; and it seems poor Jim had got his ticket-of-leave, and, through some stroke of good luck and his industry, had made a fortune; and dying, with no other tie in the world, he had left it all to me. I have broken my vow to mother, ever to let your lordship know one of our family had been so disgraced; but I'm happier now I've told you, my lord, and I'm sure you'll keep my secret."

"Riddell, I can only beg your pardon for throwing such a suspicion on you," said Heatherbloom; "but the mystery about those diamonds is enough to turn one's brain and make one suspect one's best friends."

"So it is, my lord—so it is; I know that very well," was all Riddell answered.

She knew that what had been lifted from her shoulders had gone back to Floss's, and she did not dare to touch on this sore subject.

She knew now how terrible it is to lie under suspicion, and she regretted many a time that she had ever spoken of seeing Floss on that ill-starred night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day George received a letter which he read half-a-dozen times—throwing it down and taking it up again to look at it. Then he began to pace restlessly about his room.

The letter was from Floss—written in a tremulous excited hand which could hardly be recognized as hers:

"In memory of the love you once bore me, believe what I am now telling you. Last night some one came into my dressing-room, so quietly that I should have heard nothing had I been asleep. For a long while I was too terrified to move; but despair gave me courage enough at last to go into the dressing-room. What I expected was the case; my gray cloak was not there. I went back to my room, and, like a coward, locked myself in, and lay trembling. About five o'clock I heard another stealthy sound. In the morning I found the cloak in its place. I have no friend to turn to but you; if you will not aid me to unravel this mystery, then Heaven help me!

"FLOSS."

This letter agitated and distressed George Hazel to the last degree. He could not repress a feeling that this was only a fresh deceit on the part of this girl whom he once believed to be all innocence, and whom he could then have associated with no other thought.

But still her words had great power over him. Her direct appeal he could not resist. He felt that he could not refuse what she asked.

But he wrote her no answer; he could not bring himself to address her, even upon paper. He was in that state of tension when either his words must be cruel and cut like knives, or else he must pour out a flood of passionate love and remorse. It was impossible to take any middle course with a woman he still loved so madly.

That night he dined out, and went to a reception afterwards. He was in a mood now when the solitude of his rooms was insupportable.

Then, instead of going home, he lighted a cigar and strolled up and down, not actually in front of the Heatherbloom mansion, but a little lower down the road, where he could watch the gates.

When he saw his friend the lamp-lighter coming, he turned down a side-street and managed to escape his observation. He had begun to distrust every one; and it occurred to him that the man who accepted a sovereign from him to tell what he saw might accept one from somebody else for the same purpose.

When the lamps were all extinguished, he returned to his post; but he saw nothing. At six he went home to his rooms, and, throwing himself upon his bed, slept for three hours.

For a whole week he did this, night after night; and the while he saw nothing of Floss. He never went near the house in the daytime, and in the evening he would not go out where he was likely to meet her.

He knew that in his heart he was rather watching her than watching for her. He believed she was again deceiving him, and he had taken a vow that, if it were to be done by much patience, he would find her out.

People began to notice how haggard and worn George Hazel had grown. He had indeed changed very much; and these nights spent not in any pleasure, but in more heart-sick watching, told terribly upon him. He hardly seemed to be the same man as that cheery, genial George Hazel who had won Floss's heart.

Night after night he kept his vigil; night after night passed away, and he saw nothing. But he had resolved to watch the house at that hour as long as Floss was in it.

When at last he began to think that it was mere waste of energy, and to wish for the end of the season, when the Heatherblooms would take Floss away with them, and he would shake this nightmare off and go abroad and try to forget her—just when he began to cease from his watchfulness because he saw nothing, then something happened.

In another week the Heatherblooms would leave town; and he was thinking of this, and aimlessly wondering where he would go to find some novelty and interest in life, when he was startled into excitement by a very slight thing.

He was standing nearly opposite to the house when he saw the front door slowly and cautiously open. It was just four o'clock.

What was coming out—what was he going to see? He recovered himself just in time to prevent being seen himself. He hurriedly crossed the road and climbed the low stone balustrade of the shuttered and sleeping mansion.

Crouching behind this shelter, he waited, and, a moment after he was in safe hiding, heard the swish of the gray silk cloak, and saw its color through the openings in the stonework.

After two or three minutes, he rose and looked down the road. He was just in time to see the gray-clad figure turning the corner. There was another figure by its side—a man's.

With a heavy heart, and yet with his pulses beating high from excitement, he got over the balustrade and went up the road to the Heatherbloom mansion. He went round it till he was under a window which belonged to Lord Heatherbloom's bedroom.

Then he began to gather up handfuls of the gravel on which he stood and to shower it upon the window-glass.

It seemed to him, in his excitement and impatience, that Heatherbloom must be sleeping the sleep of the dead. But it really was not very long before the window was thrown up, and Lord Heatherbloom sleepily exclaimed—

"What on earth's the matter, George?"

"Come down and let me in," said George, "and do not wake any one, for the love of Heaven!"

He spoke in such a tone that Lord Heatherbloom was wide awake in a moment. George went round to the front door and waited.

In a few minutes it was softly opened, and Lord Heatherbloom looked at him with a face of consternation.

"The bolts are all drawn!" he said.

"So I supposed," returned George. He went in and closed the door very softly behind him. "Now," he said, "we must wait here."

"What for?" inquired Lord Heatherbloom.

"For the thief who stole the Heatherbloom diamonds. She will come in through that door before long."

"What! Have you seen her?"

"I have seen her go down the road. I have not seen her face."

Nothing more was said. The two men were plunged in the gloomiest apprehensions.

George, in evening-dress, with a strange haggard look on his face, moved softly about the hall, overpowered by an intense restlessness.

Lord Heatherbloom, wrapped in a dressing-gown, stood by the hall-door trying to see through the small side-window; but it was of ground glass, and he could see but faintly.

At last he stepped back, and said, in a whisper of intense excitement—

"She is coming!"

The two men stood side by side in the hall, and listened to the latch-key being softly put into the door, watched it cautiously opened, and then saw a slender, gray-cloaked, hooded figure enter. From under the hood fell a mass of very flossy yellow hair.

Neither of them spoke nor moved; they waited, still and silent, while she shut the door and fastened the bolts and bars. Then she turned round, and advancing with a quick stealthy step, came face to face with the brothers.

It was Lady Heatherbloom!

She stood a second, gazing from one to the other, with dilating eyes and blanching lips; then from those lips came an awful cry; and she fell forward on her face upon the marble floor of the hall.

"Help me to carry her upstairs before the servants get here," whispered Lord Heatherbloom. "That shriek will bring them down."

She was quite unconscious: they carried her up the wide staircase to her room as if she had been a dead woman. When she was on her bed, Lord Heatherbloom tore the gray cloak off her, and the fair wig that hid her hair. He rushed into his own dressing-room and hastily locked them up.

"I hear the servants!" he said to George when he came back. "Go into my room, and stop there."

There was no time for explanation or consideration. George understood one thing, that at all hazards Lord Heatherbloom meant to screen his unhappy wife. So he obeyed, and quickly went and sat down in a quiet corner in his brother's room, where the servants would not be likely to see him and wonder at his presence in the house at that hour.

Here he fell into thought so profound that he hardly noticed the hurrying feet in the corridors, the various noises which showed that, by degrees, all the household was in a state of excitement. By-and-by Lord Heatherbloom came in.

"Go home, George," he said. "No one will see you; the servants are at breakfast. And come round again as early as you can."

He seemed as if he did not wish anything more to be said then: so George went away without a word. He could find no word which seemed fit for such a moment.

He walked up to his rooms, still deep in thought. He was looking back over Lady Heatherbloom's married life, over all of her past that he knew.

After he had changed his dress and breakfasted, he went to the Heatherbloom mansion again. The servant who admitted him wore a frightened air—there was the atmosphere of misfortune about the house.

Lord Heatherbloom had told the servant to take George to his study. There he was, waiting for him, looking ten years older than he had looked yesterday.

As soon as the door was shut, he spoke abruptly.

"She is delirious," he said; "two doctors are with her now; they fear brain-fever. Heaven grant they have no clue to the meaning of what she says! It was betting-debts, George; I can understand, from the wild things she has said already, that she must have lost heavily at Sandown and at Goodwood. Poor Cordelia!"

He spoke of her more gently now that she was crushed by her disgrace and misery than he had done for years.

"Stay here, George," he said, after a minute. "I am going to send Floss to you. I cannot do it myself; but I want her to know all. You must tell her; and it falls to you to make amends to her for the past."

He went away hastily as he spoke, closing the door—a few minutes later, and it was opened again.

Floss entered now, dressed in a pure white morning wrapper, her beautiful hair upon her shoulders, her lovely eyes full of wonder. When she saw George, she paused, with a faint cry. She believed he had left her, thrown her aside for ever.

No chronicler can do justice to that meeting, to the passionate remorse with which George spoke of his evil thoughts of this fair love of his, to the shy eagerness and delight with which Floss listened to the sweet words which healed her wounded heart.

The joy and glow of their happiness was so great that it almost hid from their view the shame and sadness which had fallen upon the house.

Lady Heatherbloom lay a long time dangerously ill of brain-fever. Her life was but just saved. But this dreadful illness brought back to her something she thought she had lost forever.

When death stood by her bedside, fighting for her, she found that not even her folly and deceit had taken her husband's love from her; and this knowledge gave her strength to live. She recovered to become a gentle shadow of her former self, but to be loved much more than of old in her humble and repentant mood.

At Christmas Heatherland Castle was all ablaze with great wood fires and myriads of wax candles, its great rooms crowded with gay and distinguished guests.

For George would not wait any longer; and so, when the snow lay thick on the heathy ground and the skaters were happy upon the ice, Floss became the Honorable Mrs. George Hazel.

It was the prettiest and merriest wedding imaginable, and not only was Floss the queen of the hour among the guests in the Castle, but she was the idol of the tenantry and peasants, who gave her a love and admiration which so far Cordelia had never won from them.

The diamonds were traced and recovered; and their brilliance is often seen upon the rare beauty of Floss.

For Cordelia now lies in her grave, after expiating to the full her folly, and winning love from even those who had suffered most from her sins.

And Floss is the sweetest, the most beautiful, the gayest woman in all England, and the happiest. For her husband worships her absolutely, and wonders day and night at the blindness which could make him doubt her truth; for it shines clear and pure from those lovely eyes, which are far more brilliant and more dazzling than the Heatherbloom diamonds.

[THE END.]

INSIDE THE EARTH.—A person named John Cleves Symes once held the curious theory that not only was the earth, as we know it, a mere crust of soil, supported on a kind of rocky floor, but that the hollow interior contained other worlds.

These inside spheres Symes maintained were open at the poles, and thither, at the fall of the year, when the weather in the arctic and antarctic circles grew too intensely bitter to support life, the theorist held that the wild animals migrated.

These spheres were lighted by the direct or refracted rays of the sun, were snug and warm, and produced such abundance of everything, that Symes said the northern animals, after their stay there for a few months, returned to the outer world in a rare condition.

If polar discoverers, therefore, continued this ingenious but fallacious reasoner, followed the retreating hordes of wild creatures at the poles, they would see new worlds, and possibly discover new races of people.

Wild as these notions seem to us, they found a following, and the French Academy actually and solemnly discussed the matter only to find, as a natural consequence, that there was no probability or possibility in the story.

Symes died in 1829, and since his death no one has taken up his ideas. It would, indeed, be realizing a fairy tale, if the bottom of some deep coal pit suddenly dropped out and let the miners fall down into a paradise where was neither rain nor wind, and where the inhabitants and the brute creation were kept as warm and comfortable as if they had been housed under some spacious roof.

WHAT SHE FEARED.—A young woman from the country was suing her former sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive remarks.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, with a blush.

"How close?"

"So close that one chair was all we needed to sit on."

"And you say he put his arm round you?"

"No, I didn't."

"What did you say, then?"

"I said he put both his arms around me."

"What then?"

"He hugged me."

"Very hard?"

"Yes, very hard; so hard that I very nearly had to scream out."

"Why didn't you scream?"

"Because——I didn't."

Another blush.

"Come, that's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because what?"

"Because I was afraid he'd stop."

The court exploded, and the judge had to be carried out and placed under the water-tap for the purposes of resuscitation.

Bric-a-Brac.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.—The custom of human sacrifice continues in Abomey, Africa. Recently several hundred natives were sacrificed in a body to the wooden gods.

THE TARANTULA.—There is no creature in the world so fiendish as the African tarantula. He measures from eight to ten inches from toe to toe. His legs are like straws, and his crimson beak is almost as large as a sparrow's, but curved like that of a parrot. Instead of claws he has suckers on his great feet, with which he clings until torn off piecemeal, whilst his jaws are buried in the flesh. Each pad leaves a painful blister, and the jagged wound of the beak is hard to cure; but persons die of the shock rather than the hurt.

FAMILY NAMES.—Fifty years ago the ancient custom of Shetland in regard to the use of patronymics was still quite common, although not universal. Children did not usually adopt their father's surname, but his Christian name converted into a surname. Thus all the children of Henry Thomson would be Hendersons; and supposing their Christian names to be James, Andrew, Magnus, Peter, Bartel, their children in turn would be Jamesons, Andersons, Mansons, Petersons, or Bartelsons. This old custom has now almost entirely disappeared. It may be added that married women very rarely took their husband's name, but bore to the end of their days their own maiden name.

INDIAN CRUELTY.—The widow of General Custer relates that in a Dakota Indian dance a 4-year-old boy was brought to the circle by his mother and left to make his little whirling gyrations around the ring of dancers. It was explained that he had won his right to join in the festivities of the tribe. Of the four Indians of a rival tribe left on a battlefield one, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead when the retreat took place. A squaw incited the child to plunge a knife into the wounded warrior. As a reward he acquired the privilege of joining in all celebrations, and the right to wear an eagle feather standing straight from the scalp-lock of his tiny head. The mother's eyes gleamed with pride as she watched the miniature warrior admitted among the mature and experienced braves.

A WONDERFUL DOG.—At Middleton, New York, the citizens are wonderfully fond of a dog, whose exploits have traveled far and wide through the States. The other evening, Rover, who had been out for a scamper, returned home in a restless frame of mind. He barked, whined, pawed, and incessantly jumped up at the knees of the farmer who owned him. At first, no notice was taken of the matter; but in the course of a few minutes, as Rover grew more and more importunate, it was noticed that he persisted in running to and fro from the door to the farmer's chair, as if suggesting that something was needed seeing to outside. At last, the farmer rose and stepped into the yard. Rover gave tongue, and rushed to the cow-house. The farmer followed, and found that a heavy beam had fallen out of its socket, caught the five cows yoked there, and half-strangled them. In another half-hour they must have been killed, but the sagacity of Rover prevented such an unfortunate consummation.

FLOWER-POT "MUSIC."—One of the most unmusical instruments in the world—if the phrase be allowed—is the Spanish zambomba. This is an earthen pot, made in the shape of a flower-pot, one end being larger than the other. Over the first end is stretched a piece of parchment, but the other end is left open. In the parchment, a hole is cut, and a section of reed inserted about ten inches long. The reed is hollow, and to keep it dry the end is closed. This is the handle of the zambomba, and by it the instrument is carried. When the jar is played upon, the fingers are moistened by water, and rubbed up and down the handle or reed-stem, making as may naturally be imagined, a noise compared with which the sharp rub-a-dub of the drum is music itself. The national ear for music, however, is peculiarly constituted—witness the enthusiasm of the Scotch for their bagpipes; and although half an hour of the Spanish zambomba would probably drive an American mad, it is delighted in by the whole of the Spanish peasantry, and even admired by the upper classes of Spanish society.

JOHNSON'S NEW BOOTS.—One episode in Johnson's early life is half grotesque and half tragic. At college, he owned but one pair of boots and one change of raiment. The former were old—so old and so worn, that the big toes of the unwieldy youth peeped through them, and were seen and known of all men. Forgetful of Johnson's intense pride, a collegian had a new pair placed at his door one morning, having previously, we may judge, taken a kind of flying bird's-eye measurement of the future great lexicographer's feet. In due time Johnson walked out of his chambers and saw the boots. Forgetful of everything at the moment but the sting of wounded pride, Johnson stooped down, picked the unoffending boots up, and with one wild heave pitched the offending articles as far from him as possible. As nothing but kindness was meant by the unknown benefactor, whose name, by the bye, has escaped learned Dryasdusts and others, Johnson can hardly be said to have acted either politely or sensibly. To many people, however, the suspicion of being thought poor is worse to bear than the actual grip of poverty itself; and this pointed allusion to the ragged and worn state of Johnson's boots was more than Johnson's spirit could brook with anything like equanimity.

"SHALL?"

BY NANNE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

Shall I do this, sir, or shall I do that, sir?
Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out?
Shall it be bonnet, or shall it be hat, sir?
State your opinion; I'm sadly in doubt.
Shall I go riding, or shall I go walking?
Shall I accept it, or shall I refuse?
Shall I be silent, or shall I keep talking?
Give your advice, pray: I cannot well choose.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves:
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her?
Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold?
Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter?
Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold?
What will be said if I stay from the dinner?
What will be said if I'm seen at the ball?
Will they proclaim me a saint, or a sinner?
If not the former, I go not at all.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves:
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,
Doing the thing that is lawful and right?
Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,
Shunning the darkness, and courting the light.
Surely, if conscience forbear to upbraid us,
Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools;
God is our guide—for His service He made us—
Not to be ruled by the makers of rules.
Pander no longer to others' opinions:
Wear not the garb of Society's slaves;
Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions;
Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"THIS friend," said Mr. Ozanne curtly, "was Gervys Lester, who lived near you for a time at Merlswood."

"Yes."

The answer was very low, very satisfied, as it seemed, yet the grave eyes were still fixed questioning by upon his face.

"You have heard, I think, how Wilfred Glenorris, being very ill, wrote to his father and to me, telling us he could not live, that that would probably be the last hour in which he might have power to write, and that the letters would be posted to us after his death.

"He addressed and sealed the letters, leaving them beside him; and, when Gervys Lester went in and found him sleeping, he first despatched the letters, feeling sure Wilfred had prepared them for the mail just leaving. Then he took his place beside his sick friend and nursed him like—— No, I won't say like a woman, for I could not say it of any woman belonging to my lad—no, nor to Gervys Lester."

The girl did not break his significant pause, but her face was still in shadow.

"Nursed him, Miss Glenorris, night and day, hopefully, quietly, cheerfully. I am not inventing those terms for him, as I can show you."

"But I know," she said, with a blush he could not see, "how it would be. I can quite understand."

"As I once told you," her companion resumed, "that news of his son's death broke the old Squire's heart. I telegraphed to Mr. Lester, begging for particulars—which request must have surprised him, as he had no idea what the letters he posted intimated. In return, I heard what I have told you of the letters, also how Wilfred lingered until the fourteenth of June, exactly eight days after his father. Do you follow me, Miss Glenorris?"

"Yes. And then—he died?"

"Then he died, and Lester sent me word he would himself bring over and deliver to me all Wilfred's own papers, with those relating to his death. It was in July of last year that he did so. He told me he had had business in Scotland to detain him first. He delivered the paper and told me all I longed to hear of my boy—except of what he had saved him from.

"Lester didn't tell that, but Wilfred did, in a letter he had written me at the very last, in his grateful generous way. Do I weary you, Miss Glenorris?"—for the girl had risen and moved impulsively towards him; but, chilled, as it were, by his cold tone, she slowly resumed her seat and was waiting.

"I had for years known, by Wilfred's letters, of what Gervys Lester was to him, and, when the report reached me that Mrs. Glenorris had over-persuaded her husband into making a will in favor of young Pardy, I did think that, if any man not a Glenorris was to inherit the old place, it should have been Wilfred's friend. But of course that was not for me to say.

"The next I heard of Mr. Lester was that he had taken the Glen Farm on your property. He felt an interest in Merlswood; that was his only explanation to me—then. Afterwards I was to discover his real motive. Last July an interview he and I had arranged together had to be postponed for Miss Nelson's wedding, and, on the day following that, he came to Exmarsh and fell ill.

"For weeks I almost despaired of his life; but he was young and strong, and he recovered. I take no newspapers, and, even when he asked me to send for one, I did not, for he was not well enough to read. So it was long before he discovered—what made him send for older newspapers and learn how vile a charge was laid to him. He a murderer! I could laugh even then—and did.

"I couldn't keep him after that; but, when he returned to Merlswood, it was too late to defend himself in public. There was no one to prosecute, and the man who slandered him had disappeared. To you, Miss Glenorris, he no doubt at once proved his innocence."

"To me?" said Joy, feverishly pushing the hair from her temples, as she saw again the dim valley slope, and read that grave unspoken question in Gervys Lester's eyes. "Do you think—even you who hate me, as I see, and have every right to hate me—liking him—that he had need to prove his innocence to me? Do you think that for one moment I ever doubted it?"

"I see," said Mr. Ozanne—and it seemed difficult now to harden himself against her; "but perhaps you did not say so. If you had, it might have given him a little satisfaction while that vile whisper of guilt hovered about him. There was no exoneration for him. That open verdict had been condemnation. You must forgive me that I know so much which he never told me, for I sat beside him in his delirium. I think I discovered he had been in the sea the night before he left Devon, and saved the life of some rash idiot, but he would no more have told me that than other things I was obliged to hear and understand. And, if I had ever doubted before, I must have known him then, an upright, brave, and honest man, incapable of even the faintest reflection of such a crime as that which was, though I did not know it, then being imputed to him. I learned also why he had remained near you and Merlswood, and what pain he had suffered in this proximity to you."

"Yes, constant pain; I saw it all. Ah me—ah me!"

The touching misery of the girl's sudden cry brought a momentary dimness to Mr. Ozanne's round blue kindly eyes.

"When Lester came again to me," he said half turning away, "I learnt far, far more."

"Then he did come to you again afterwards?"

"Yes. When he had tried and failed to live down that hateful calumny, and knew the trial could be no longer borne where all knew it, he came to me on his way. You, Miss Glenorris," he said, as soothingly as his strong feeling against her would permit, "say you never could believe the lie?"

"I?" she cried; and then her voice fell very low, and her fingers were locked very painfully together. "He would understand."

"You think that, if he knew you were here, and no longer owner of Merlswood, he would come back?"

"I think," she said, with intense earnestness, "that, if he knew now I loved him, he would come back."

"Then it was," resumed Mr. Ozanne presently, "that—not knowing how much he had in his illness betrayed to me—he told me of knowing you and loving you. It was in Australia first, where Wilfred did not choose to know you, because you were his heir-at-law. For that and a reason of his own he would not see you.

"Lester loved you from the first, but he never sought you for his wife until you came to England. Then, as a man with but a moderate income, he was proud to win you. If you did not love him, he was—deceived, for your father said you did. He was anxious to leave you in Gervys Lester's care, knowing you would be penniless and that Lester loved you.

"Do I pain you, Miss Glenorris, that you shrink at my words? You shall judge whether he sought you for yourself alone, you see that I learnt too much in that sad watch of mine. He married you because he loved you, but the marriage made you a rich man's wife; it secured wealth to you, lifted you above even the possible touch of poverty, such as was feared for you. You understand?"

"No, he was never rich," the girl faltered, her eyes shining in her pale face. "But I believe now that he loved me."

"When he came back to you, after your step-father's death, and you told him of your inheritance, he betrayed so little astonishment that you suspected he had known you were to be wealthy, and had married you for that reason. Did it never strike you that he would have denied the accusation, and feigned this surprise, if he had really been the fortune-hunter you thought him?"

"Oh, hush!" cried the girl, pierced to the heart by hearing her own base thoughts uttered to her for the first time.

But Mr. Ozanne went sternly on.

"What you told him tauntingly (pray don't imagine he told me this—it is what I gathered when he knew nothing of my presence, for all he said of you was noble and generous, but I had heard him in his unconsciousness, and so I can speak plainly) was true.

"He had known this wealth would come to you if Wilfred Glenorris had left no will; but he did not act with the motive you imputed to him, for the property you took possession of was his. You dismissed him from you and came alone, at your own pleasure, to appropriate his place, his home, his riches.

"Oh, Miss Glenorris, I did not intend to startle you so! I'm a clumsy bungler, or I should tell you all this differently. Forgive me! It was his property you claimed and held—so worthily, let us say, as he used the term himself in speaking of you—until you found that unjust and insane will, and left his place for Norman Pardy to fill. Now it is time indeed for me to speak. My lad was grateful, and bequeathed all of which he should die possessed to his true friend Gervys Lester.

"Miss Glenorris"—softly, for the girl had fallen to her knees beside the table and had hidden really now the troubled face she had tried so long to keep in shadow—"Wilfred was so afraid of being influenced by Lester against this step that he never told him; and, after his death, Mr. Lester found the will, with a letter entreating him to take his place at Merlswood.

"And this will is the legal one, because Wilfred outlived his father just eight days. Right was done by my lad, even if Norman Pardy had not been in the question. For, let his next-of-kin be whom it would, he had a right to leave all he chose to the man who had saved him from worse than death. I did not know this even when Lester came to me the second time, for he only told me as if they were his last words, what to do in case of his death, or anything occurring to disturb you at Merlswood.

"I was to open a certain packet he left with me. Something did, as you know, occur to disturb you at Merlswood, and I opened the packet and found Wilfred's will and his own, and a letter to me telling the secret Lester would never have divulged so long as you held his property undisputed. If the need arose for me to open it, he wrote, I was to prove the marriage, that, as his wife, you might hold Merlswood beyond dispute by his will.

"I believe he thought only of his death, not of any other will to be forthcoming; and now for your sake only have I revealed the secret which for your own sake only he had kept. I have next to see Mr. Redby."

"To prove," she said, with eyes whose gladness looked a little pitiful, "that it is his—all his."

The little clergyman gazed at her steadily. If he had at first suspected that she rejoiced in Lester's possessing this wealth because it must needs be hers, the suspicion could be but momentary, and the inflexibility of his manner could be maintained only by an effort.

"To prove it was all his."

"Will he return to you soon?"

"To me? No, I wish to gracious he would ——"

She knew quite well that the note of tenderness in his voice was not for her; but she did not know how it touched him to see that, in her humility, she never dreamed of Gervys Lester returning to her.

"No, he will not return to me. He was anxious to get away and go to the other side of the world. Naturally he wanted to get away," continued Mr. Ozanne, moving about as he spoke with quite unwonted nervousness.

"Why, Miss Glenorris, this house actually rocks in the storm! I should have thought the tors sheltered it. What weather! Naturally, as I say, a man would want to get pretty far away in such a case—to put a hemisphere, say, between himself and those who could think such a crime possible to him. But he had not the money to waste."

"Hush!" she cried. "I cannot bear it. He wanting money, and I keeping his!"

"But I believe you had clearly demonstrated," remarked Mr. Ozanne, with perhaps unconscious cruelty, "that, in your opinion, it was not his. He could, of course, easily have borrowed on Wilfred's will; but that was the secret which he kept for you."

"And so," she said, with a smile more sad than tears, "to be kind to me, he went away from me. But he would have stayed if I had spoken, and I thought I would to-morrow. I remember. And to-morrow it was too late."

"And so," announced Mr. Ozanne dully, "he fully determined to enlist for active service."

"Yes?" said the girl. "He was a soldier before, and he was fond of it. A true soldier! So kind too! I've often heard how the men loved him."

"I tried to prevent it," continued the clergyman—unmoved—for he did not read the sadness of this defiant bravery—"for it was as if Wilfred had told me he would stoop to be a private soldier."

"Not stoop," corrected Joy; and a strange feeling flushed across Mr. Ozanne's mind, which he remembered only afterwards, that there were some soldiers' wives as brave as soldiers. "Gervys would not stoop. He would still be the gentleman he is. It would not change him. But, now that I do not hold all he possesses, why does he stay? Why," she faltered, again lifting her hands to her temples, while her companion looked away again lest he should soften toward her, "when he owns so much, is he fighting, and I so lonely? I—know"—with a sudden humility new to the clergyman, even in his wide experience of souls; "and I must have the memory of that to suffer. Is it worse to be away and brave and blameless? Oh, you can never—never understand!"

"No," was the almost kind reply; "we understand so little of each other, after all, read deeply as we may. I wished him to tell you he was going but he would not. And I daresay he was right."

"Yes," said the girl gently, "he was right unless they will let a private's wife go with her husband. Would they have to let me go?"

"It depends," he answered, resenting the quietness he thought heartless. "What matter, though?"

"So much it matters," she said, "that I would go with him over the world to win from him merely forgiveness—nothing else though all my life—only forgiveness, without kindness, or sympathy, or true love."

"You would not be with him when he longed for you," Mr. Ozanne remarked, looking away again, afraid of being softened by meeting the beautiful sad eyes.

"No, I would not. But, in my long silence and solitude, I have grown to care—so much that I—I feel as if I could not even die without a word from him. I think he is life to me, and if he—stays——"

"No, no," said M. Ozanne, a little huskily, as he walked to the window, and, after looking out for a minute, walked back without a glance at the face which made the words so pathetic. "This farm is still yours, I believe, Miss Glenorris, in spite of that will?"

"When Gervys comes home," said the girl dreamily—"home—to Merlswood—there will be such rejoicing for him as no Glenorris ever won. There will be no want of heart in the welcome given to him. Oh, such gladness they will show for him, for they must love him! Who could care for my coming? But for his all the country will rejoice. They will know that Merlswood never had such a master before. I shall not be in his way. I shall be here. I have no part in his happiness. How soon can he be home?"

"You must not forget," Mr. Ozanne put in very quietly, "that Death is busy just now."

"Death busy!" she cried; and he was positively startled by the changed tone. "No, no; Death is not busy now. I've often and often wished he were."

"Hush!" the clergyman said, so solemnly that her bright perplexed gaze grew a little awed. "Shall I tell you more about it?"

"Of my husband? Yes, please, if you have patience with me."

"I should be a brute if I had no patience for that," he said, little thinking how soon he should hate himself for having coldly met the eyes that looked so feverishly brilliant in the young wan face. "You will read about it presently; so I need very little, and know very little to say. We shall know more presently. A comrade fell from his horse, and Lester stopped and found the man had fainted.

"It was only another private like himself—a common soldier, as we understand, and we understand it all so well! He had a very trifling distance to move him; but, while he did it, he was shot. What does a shot more or less signify in our rank and file? He carried the man that little distance," Mr. Ozanne went on, looking intently at the girl as she still stood opposite to him, no cry passing her lips.

"It is the way of some men. I remember being at a circus once when one of the gymnasts—only a clown, and a mere boy—fell from a rope, where he was balancing himself upon his head. He sprang up, bowed with a smile to the spectators all round the ring, and ran away lightly, just as he had been accustomed to do, but, dying as he did so. A doctor told me the fall had killed him, that he was, as it were, dead when he rose and smiled and ran."

"How terrible!" said the girl, shivering as she stood, yet with that bravery in her waiting questioning eyes. "Was Gervys hurt?"

"He bore the man to safety," answered Mr. Ozanne, then could not help a momentary pause. "But it is not likely that, when a bullet enters a man's neck, it does no mischief."

"No," she said gently, with a dazed smile Mr. Ozanne could not interpret. Then she was silent, waiting again.

"It would kill any man," he remarked huskily. "But you never cared."

"You have every right in the world to say it."

The girl drew her breath with pain, looking beyond him, with wide bewildered eyes and a puckered look in the white forehead from which all the hair was pushed so feverishly.

"Gervys thinks so too. But I can tell him now, for they will send him home if he—is hurt."

"But it killed him."

The unwilling words were spoken very gently; yet, before they were fully uttered Mr. Ozanne had started forward and thrown one arm about the girl, who, a moment before, had stood opposite to him with that sad brave, questioning gaze.

"Did you think I was falling? Oh, no, I never faint—indeed—thank you! I seemed for a moment as if I were going to fail; but I never did. Then you say—Gervys—died?"

And, with that word, she really fell.

But Mr. Ozanne was in time, and held her, gazing with painful doubt on the closed eyes. Ought he to lay her down and call for assistance, or would she wish——

Before he could make up his mind, her eyes were opened fully on his anxious face, and she stood up, steadying herself by the table.

"You thought I fainted?" she said, again with the wan dazed smile he could not bear to see. "Oh, no; I am quite well!"

"I was a brute!" he cried.

"No, you have been very kind to me—very patient with me, for you never liked me, though you tried, because I am a Glenorris. I tried to dislike you, but I couldn't. I have been trying even this morning, but I couldn't, because you are his friend. I thanked you in my heart for every word you said of him. You are just to him; so how could I dislike you, even though—I tried?"

"I wish to Heaven you would!" cried the restless little clergyman, blaming himself hotly now, and wishing she would break down in this defiance of her misery.

"It is too late now to tell him how I loved

him. But perhaps he may know. No, don't be afraid; I shall not faint. I do not deserve your care, or thought, or any one's. It isn't as if it were only my own life that I wrecked. It was his too. Both wrecked by my own hand! If I could only have had one word of forgiveness, one look from his dear eyes—only one! And it is too late now! But—— Ah me, if I had one kind word of my own to remember, or one kind act! Just one memory of having been—what I ought to have been to him! But I never was, never! And now, without one memory, I have all my life to live! I—— Was I going to tell? You are still kind, though you must hate me so. You cannot forgive the great wrong I have done!"

"I'm a dolt and a wretch to have broken it to you so!" exclaimed Mr. Ozanne, terribly alarmed to see the struggle she was making in the misery of her remorse. "I am a brute! Why couldn't I see? Why doesn't a man know by instinct what to do? Don't believe anything, Miss Glenorris, don't, I pray you! What do I know, after all? Nothing, nothing! I only tell you what an idiot out there wrote to his mother in my parish, and the lunatic mother read to me.

"It's a blunder; I'm sure it's all a falsehood. It is certain to be a pure fiction," he went on, boldly and recklessly mendacious. "I made the worst of it, like a heathen, just to punish you! Wretch that I am, and fool too, and worse! It is, I am quite sure, all a false lood, Miss Glenorris. The simpleton only tried to fill up a letter. He had nothing in his empty head; so he made that all up.

"Besides," more and more wildly, "he only said Private Lester had been shot; and I positively knew a man who was shot just the same, the bullet passing right through his neck, penetrating all the thickness, and coming out on the opposite side—it couldn't do more, could it?—and he is as well as ever—better and stronger. He was a delicate man before, often ill, and now he never is. And there isn't even a mark—there isn't indeed. So you see a bullet more or less is quite a harmless thing to have in the neck."

"You are very kind," said Joy, "trying to cheer me. But I must bear it sometime. He fell"—as she spoke, she looked into her companion's face with the same sad smile, "in rescuing another. I will not think of what great happiness he could have given by living.

"It was all my fault that he never knew, and I more than deserve this; but I will remember that no man can do more than die for a fellow-man. Thank you for trying to comfort me. I am not going to frighten you again. I——"

His face, in its deepening alarm, had faded away from her eyes, and she had fallen at last, in utter and merciful unconsciousness.

CHAPTER LXIII.

SIR HUSSAY, will you excuse my saying a few words to you before my cousin comes in? Miss Beton is purposely detaining her for a minute, while I come to beg you to be prepared for the great change in her, and to please betray no surprise when you find her looking very ill."

"Ought I not to have come, Miss Kienon?" inquired the Baronet anxiously. "I assure you I had no idea Miss Glenorris was ill."

"Nor does she seem to have," returned Anne, her eyes fast filling as she spoke, "though she—— Sir Hussay"—hastily, as she heard approaching footsteps—"you will remember?"

He had barely time to assure her she could trust him before Joy entered the room. But, though she greeted him almost in her old glad way, and though he had Miss Kienon's request fresh in his mind, he found that he was in no way prepared for the change in one whom he had last seen so lovely and so bright at that ball he had given solely for the purpose of winning her presence in his Castle.

Miss Kienon's admonition seemed to have been thrown away, for his face revealed in an instant that he was overcome by the change in this girl whom he had sought so indefatigably and come to-day to see in real rejoicing.

Without a word in his voluntary reverence for that indefinable change which to see on a face we love is assuredly the bitterness of death—he dropped upon one knee, and kissed the sweet hand she gave him; then he stood looking at her in anxious scrutiny.

"I am so glad to see you, Sir Hussay—even here!"

"I—I fear you are not well enough to see me—any visitor," he answered gently. "I assure you I did not know. I will go back and come again."

"I am not ill," she said, for a moment laying her hand upon her forehead, "and I am so glad to speak to you. I want to ask you to forgive me. I want to be true at last, as far as I can, after my long deceit."

"Forgive you! I wish I had anything to forgive!" he cried, with unreasoning chivalry.

"You have indeed," she said, "for I let you care for me while I was Gervys Lester's wife."

At her last word the healthy color suddenly forsook his face. He looked around for Anne Kienon, as if mutely asking whether this were an hallucination of the illness which was so sadly apparent, but Anne was no longer in the room. So he stood speechless, his arms folded, and his head bent while the iron entered into his soul.

"You cannot forgive me?" she asked wistfully. "I cannot expect it; I do not deserve it. But you will let me just tell you the simple truth, after my very long deception?"

More than once in her brief narrative he interrupted her irrepressible compassion, though still he had not mastered himself to speak calmly to her.

"Tell me another time," he urged. "I will come again right soon, when you are better."

"Yes, I shall be better soon," she said, with almost the lovely smile of old days. "I am so glad to have told you. It cannot now humiliate Gervys Lester for me to tell you I am his wife unworthy as I am. It is too late. If he had lived, I would have been silent; but he is dead."

"Unworthy! It is he and I who are unworthy!" Sir Hussay interrupted, not quite aware what he meant, only wishing to spare her.

"Sir Hussay," she said, "will you please always remember that your friendship was one of my pleasures at Merlswood? If again it may be a girl who will prove to be its owner, I can wish her no truer friend. I was Mr. Glenorris's heir; but now Merlswood will belong to the heir of Gervys Lester."

"It will be your own," asserted the Baronet confidently—but he knew quite well what she meant, and it was impossible for him to contradict her more explicitly—"your own, I rejoice to say!" he repeated. Then he paused, for, though he felt he had stayed as long as he ought, he had not uttered one of the compassionate thoughts that filled his heart.

"Miss Glenorris," he said, standing at the window, distinguishing nothing of the cold dead landscape, but looking vaguely into the air, so thick with coming falls of snow, "I ought not to let you forget that you always tried to prevent my wooing you. You not only gave me no encouragement, but you positively repulsed me, and more than once, as you know, refused my hand. It was my own fault that I persisted in the teeth of this discouragement, and would not accept your rejection. Pray don't forget that I was determined to win you if I could. No coldness or indifference of yours repelled me. You did try. Don't forget that!"

With these words he would have left her; but Joy was not in all things changed from the Joy Glenorris of old time, and Sir Hussy could not refuse to lunch, or indeed avoid conversing almost easily with her, when she herself so successfully made the effort to entertain him.

Miss Kienon had expected him to be moved after this farewell—through which he reiterated, with suspicious frequency, his intention of coming again soon, but she was not prepared for his passing her as if he did not even see her. He pulled himself up when she spoke, and then was glad to question her; and it was almost an hour before Anne returned to Miss Beton and Joy.

"Lady Vickery wants to come and see you, Joy," she said as cheerily as she could; "but Sir Hussay has decided not to bring her yet."

"No, not yet," assented the girl, gently. "Lady Vickery was always kind to me, and you will give her my love; but she could not like Ravenstor"—with a shudder.

"It seems to me, my dear, that Ravenstor is to become a centre of attraction now you are here. Everybody will be coming—everybody!" reiterated Miss Beton, blushing in a manner unaccountable to those who were not aware of the urgent letter she had the day before despatched to Doctor Calmady.

"Just look at those two little brown larks," said Joy, from her place at the window, shaking her head at the idea of anyone coming to Ravenstor; "they are fighting for the same crust, while half a dozen lie untouched around them. Why not take one each?"

"Why not?" echoed Miss Beton, watching the little flock of birds quarrelling over the bread Joy had thrown out, sighing as she did so.

The unconscious sigh was for her own cottage, and the birds she fed daily, and Flip, who barked at them with a rampant yet forbearing jealousy; but, though Joy heard the sigh, and in her quick sympathy fully understood it, she had proved that all efforts of hers were vain to induce Miss Beton to return yet.

"Will the cold here kill the birds?" Joy asked, watching them, while she wondered how long it would be before her friends would be free to leave Ravenstor. "I wonder whether any of them hope it will. You won't forget"—putting her hand to her head, with a smile which did not seem to reach her companions, just as the cold gleam from the pale wintry sun did not seem to reach anything on earth—"that there is a fish path—didn't they call it so?—on the moor, kept in good order for funerals, so that, if the snow is deep, there is no difficulty? It was a kind thought and a good work from those kind monks. Or it was only I who heard it? I—forget."

"Listen!" cried Anne, glad of an excuse for disappearing just then. "There's an arrival, I do believe."

She was right; and this was the one visitor Anne had longed for, and Miss Beton had written for. Doctor Calmady had come off at once, without allowing his wife time to make up her mind whether she dared venture to intrude on Joy, but leaving her to write to her mother and brother the news they were so anxious to hear.

"Miss Kienon," said Doctor Calmady, when Anne had made him take a hasty meal, and had told him all she could, flushing in her relief and gratitude at having him in the house even for that one night, "let Miss Glenorris imagine I only drove over because I had at last ascertained her address, and because all Charlotte's people are so hankering after news of her. Don't distress her with any notion that I have come in a professional capacity. Better not. She is up and about, is she?"

"Yes, and never speaks of being ill, only of leaving us. It is the unbroken sleeplessness that makes us so—nervous."

"The precursor, I fear, of what she will need all her strength to fight against."

"Brain-fever?"

"Yes; and what wonder, after all you have told me? By-the-way," he added, his tone changing in her marked silence, though he had not raised his eyes to reach her face, "Miss Beton told me of that villain's threatening Miss Glenorris, at the moment of his arrest, to divulge what she wished to conceal in her past life. I want her to know she need have no fear. I went to see the scamp, with Johnson, and we soon settled that, though it would have been just the same if we hadn't.

"It appears that he had managed to hear of Miss Glenorris' marriage from one of the witnesses, and he has probably for a long time thought the day might come for him to trade upon this knowledge, when certain little plans of his own should no longer prevent his showing himself at Merlswood. It is obvious that he had a want of confidence in Miss Glenorris' willingness to be intimidated, so, concealing this fact, he in the meantime wrung money, as the price of a promise not to annoy Miss Glenorris, from Mr. Lester, who probably had reason to doubt her indifference to the fact being made public property.

"When he was so unexpectedly arrested, he made a final effort—being the man he is—but her easy assurance that she wished all told nonplussed the rascal. He was not accustomed gratuitously to tell, or keep untold, anything. He fancied at the moment that it would be unprofitable to intimidate her; when he found it would not be so, he lost his desire. You will mention this to Miss Glenorris in your own wise time. Now may I go to her?"

But Joy had heard of Doctor Calmady's arrival, and just then came eagerly to welcome him, and to ask after all the friends whose memory was so dear to her.

Fortunately his lowered eyes revealed none of the uneasiness Miss Beton had feared to see, yet the change in Joy Glenorris revealed more to him than it could to anyone. In his apprehension he hurried through the news she won from him, and then sternly ordered her to bed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SOFTLY, tenderly—almost regretfully, it seemed—the snow fell around the old farm, which yet, in this seemingly dreary isolation, knew no loneliness like that of autumn. All was still and white without, as if no harsh footsteps could disturb it, while within there were the terrible life and ceaseless wakefulness, with the unnatural mingling of day and night, belonging to a sick house.

The snow fell lightly and slowly, and, though it lingered against the window-panes, it was with fairy gentleness, never impeding the light, doing nothing to darken the gloomy house.

It lay gently on the rank grass, and the very deepest drift was only a line beneath the low stone wall. Its touch was soft and filmy on each tiny twig, and it hung like beautiful white moss on the bare branches of the old oaks. But, while the scene without was so stilly fair, the girl who had braved the loneliness and terror here alone lay fighting unconsciously for her life. "Unconsciously," Anne Kienon said; but Doctor Calmady asked who was to say this was not the most acute and terrible of all consciousness?

Doctor Calmady had telegraphed to his assistants and to a brother-physician in Torquay, and had established himself, as it seemed, in the farm, though hour by hour he postponed making any definite arrangements which would convince others he was staying more than through the passing day. Yet who could take his place? And how could the girl, in her suffering, be left to the only partial benefit of any doctor's occasional visits, while through the long hours of the long hours of the days and nights no sleep visited the wandering fevered eyes?

It was a sad and silent house—silent, at least, save for the broken, wild, and bewildered words which so pathetically broke its silence—sometimes piteously entreating, and sometimes still more piteously mirthful.

Though there was no near relative with the sick girl, the devotion of those friends who were beside was untiring. Miss Beton, in her gentle tearful way, had hopes enough to make her as useful as if she had been robust instead of frail. Anne Kienon, watchful and reticent, was Doctor Calmady's right hand.

Wondering now and then, in his keen way, over a certain peaceful look her face had never worn in old times, it dawned upon him that, for all the sorrow in her heart, there was gratitude there also for the certainty of being useful to anyone—a new consciousness of being for the first time in her life necessary to one she loved. But she herself was not aware of this one ray of light shining across the darkness of her intense, yet never uttered, fear.

Rachel, faithful, stolid, sensible, was again in attendance. Nothing could have kept her back when she once learned where Miss Glenorris was; but Lady Vickery had indeed no wish to keep her back, and so she had gone at once to Ravenstor, though too late for that glad pretty greeting she had delighted in anticipating from her young mistress.

Mr. Johnson seemed to be perpetually at hand in the old farm, and it was a great relief to everyone to feel him near. But no one ever asked whether business brought him or delayed him, for they seemed to fancy he might disappear if brought face to face with any explanation.

Then one day Mr. Ozanne came to Ravenstor, and, after sitting with his face bowed in his hands while Miss Beton kindly told him all, he burst into tears like a child.

And once there came a hard brief tap upon the door at the back of the house, and, when the housekeeper opened it, there stood Brunhilda Chick, lank and upright, inquiring grimly—yet withal as if she cared what answer she should gain—after the girl whose illness she had certainly done her best—or her worst—to bring about.

More than once Sir Hussay Vickery rode to Ravenstor, but he asked to see only Doctor Calmady, and avoided both Miss Beton and Anne. After a few words with the physician—seeing no necessity for cloaking his irrepressible anxiety—he would ride away again, sombre and depressed.

So the weary hours went on, marked only by the monotonous pace of the clock-hands, never by any change to hope for those sad watchers. Upon the wide excited eyes no pitying sleep would fall, though sometimes the girl would lie for hours still and silent, her gaze following the figures in the room almost as if she knew them. The physician was aware she did not, and the other watchers understood it too, when suddenly she would start up, restless and agitated, speaking so rapidly and unceasingly that even the listeners were wearied. At such times Miss Beton's tearful glance would sometimes ask Doctor Calmady the questions her lips could never frame, and he—waiting in vain for the healing touch of sleep—could make no answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHALEBONE.—The market price of baleen is exceedingly variable, depending on the fashion of the day. It is not so valuable now as used to be the case some years ago, steel having superseded it for many purposes. The price may range from $3,500 to $4,000 a ton, and a good whale ought to produce about two tons.

In 1814 a single vessel sold her cargo of baleen and oil for $50,000, but such times are not likely to return. Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many purposes, and perpetual hunting has diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance of attaining its full dimensions before it is harpooned.

Often nowadays a whaling ship returns "clean"—that is, without having captured a single whale, so that, what with the lessened prices and diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few ship-owners care to run such a risk.

Furnished with its wonderful horny sieve, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food. With mouth more or less open, it swims backward and forward through the shoals of the Clio, which mostly are found near the surface. The water escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the animals are detained within the cage. When it wishes to swallow the prey which it has caught, it employs its tongue, which is not less remarkable than the rest of the whale's structure.

The tongue is not free except at the base, as with the mammals generally, so that it is impossible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly the whole of its edge, so that it can only be protruded in one direction—upward.

"I once," says an English scientist, "had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which had been cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth on the surface, and I could not help thinking that it was very like a soft, well-stuffed pincushion. I pressed upon its centre with my fingers, and found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it on the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with oil that not only was the whole of the hammer submerged in the oil, but my hand and wrist also. The ignorance which prevailed in former days on this subject is amusingly exemplified in the old document which constituted the whale a royal 'fish:' 'The king himself shall have the head and body to make oyl and other things, and the queen the tayl to make whalebone for her royal vestments.'"

HUNTING THE CONDOR.—The hunting of condors has been a regular business in the Andes mountains many years, and the natives have made some money at it, but like all the vulture family, the condor grows suspicious and wary from contact with mankind, and it has grown to know and fear a gun, so that it is next to impossible to get within gunshot of one. Snares are now the only means by which condors may be taken with any certainty, and they have learned to look out for them. These birds have the most wonderful powers of vision and flight of any living creature of the air. Perched on mountain peaks above the clouds, they watch the trails which mules and llamas follow with their burdens thousands of feet below them.

These birds hatch their young among the snow-covered crags of the Andes, sometimes 12,000 feet above the sea, and the bird has been seen at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Once in a great while you may hear of some hunter bold enough to clamber to the nesting places among these crags in search of condor nests, as the capture of the young or the eggs is as profitable as killing a grown bird, but such exploits are few and far between.

SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

When mind and body at the twilight's close,
Feel labor's pain and sigh for sweet repose,
Sleep's gracious bounty we most gladly woo,
That she may raise the spirit's strength anew;
And from her feast we rise refreshed and gay,
To face the duties of the next-born day.

The stricken one spent by disease and pain,
Oft longs to slumber in Death's still domain,
And in the silent grave may rest and sleep,
Till the last summons bid him wake and leap—
Rebuilt anew nor prone to fell decay,
To meet the mandates of the Judgment day.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXXII.

WOOING UPSIDE DOWN.

THE days glided on as they glide even with those who suffer most, and Range's fever, with the accompanying delirium rapidly abated.

His arm knit together healthily and well and after two or three attempts to gain the doctor's sympathy when he called, and to get him to see that there was insanity in the patient, Range gave it up as a hopeless case, and sullenly submitted to his presence when he came.

"One would think that a medical man or a surgeon could at once detect a man's state," argued Range, as he sat at his window with his arm in a sling, his principal amusements being a Pyramus and Thisbe chat with Jane through the wall, the watching of the brickmakers beginning their annual attack upon the clay, and the progress of his birds.

His trifling with the birds took him back to Brackley, and the many happy days he had passed there in the society of Judith Nesbitt.

"If it were not for these things they would drive me mad," he said to himself. "They would like to make me imbecile so that I should give way and sign what they like; but never! I'll keep myself sane in spite of them."

Jane was always ready to give him pins after he had taken a solemn oath she dictated that he would not do anything with them to his juggler vein.

This was one morning when he was rapidly getting the better of the injury to his arm, and the girl was busy in the dining-room.

"What, do you think I want to kill myself?" he said.

Jane nodded.

"I've heard as mad people do sich things," she said, standing by the bedside leaning upon her broom, and gazing down at him contemplatively. "How lovely your hair is coming again about the ears!"

"Nonsense! Jane; and I'm not mad. How many times am I to tell you?"

"Ah! but you are, sir; you don't know how you go on sometimes. There's four pins I've stuck in the mattress where you can find 'em."

Range stared at her in a horrified way, doubting himself, and wondering whether there were times when his long confinement made him lose his self-control.

"Yes, sir, that's just how you look then," continued Jane; "but," she said, with a weak laugh, and undulating from top to toe as she rubbed her right ear on her shoulder, "I shouldn't mind. I know you wouldn't hurt me."

"Hurt you, no; of course not," said Range, uneasily.

"I hope they won't cut off your hair again," said Jane, with a sigh.

"I wish you'd leave my hair alone," said Range, gravely. Then, sharply, and angry with himself the while for making friends with this girl, but excusing himself on the plea that he must talk to someone, he exclaimed, "Well, when are you going to marry Isaac?"

"Never!" said Jane, with a thump of the broom on the floor. "I'm not going to marry him."

She simpered again, and stood staring at the prisoner.

"I say, Mrs. Range is 'orrid jealous of me."

"Is she?"

"Yes; she's always watching me, and I know she'd send me away, only she's afraid I should talk. She's a 'orrid wicked woman, that she is, and if she comes up here again to watch you I shall tell her of it. I won't have it! It's a shame!"

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Range sharply.

"Oh! you know," simpered the poor girl. "I say, I said I wouldn't help you to get away."

"Yes—you did!" cried Range, panting freely.

"Stop a moment," whispered Jane; "let's see if any of the foxes and cats is watching. No; it's all right," she continued, after an inspection. "I never see such a lot as they are!"

"Yes, go on," said Range; "you said that you wouldn't help me to escape. Will you now?"

"Really I don't know. It wouldn't be right."

"Yes, yes! it would, Jane, my good, dear girl, for Heaven's sake help me."

"Go on," said Jane, with a titter. "I like to hear you talk like that."

"Talk like what?"

"Like that, you know. It sounds so very nice."

"I cannot understand what you really mean."

"Yes you do. Go on."

"Will you please to help me to escape from here?"

"I—I think, perhaps I would now."

"Will you take a letter to that clergyman then?"

Jane looked down, then round the room, and then uttered.

"Oh! I don't know," she whispered, with a soft, silly laugh. "You shouldn't."

Range was too much excited to notice her ways in his thoughts of escape.

"Write to him, then, for me, and tell him I am not mad. Ah! my dear, good girl, I can't take your hands and thank you my dear."

"No: but I can touch yours," said Jane, softly, "only I don't like to."

"Take one and press it, for that's a compact between us, Jane. I'll make you such a rich woman when I get away."

"I don't mind about being rich," she simpered. "There; I won't write. I'll go and tell that Mr. Farleigh myself, and tell him to be ready when I get you away."

"Yes, yes! But you must get me some clothes."

"I've got nine poun' five saved up," said Jane, whose face was scarlet with delight. "I will buy you a nice new suit and a new hat."

"No, no, my dear girl!" cried Range; "find out where they have put my clothes, and bring them to me. I'll let down the string at night, and you can tie it to the bundle."

"I know where they keep 'em," said Jane eagerly.

"Better and better."

"But—but—if I do get you away, and go with you to the clergyman—you—you won't be mad—and hurt me?"

"Hurt you?" he said. "No; nor shall anyone else."

"Isaac will be fine and mad," said Jane, laughing; "but I don't care."

"No; he can't do anything to help me."

"Of course he can't," said Jane. "Oh, I say, how mad they'll be!"

"Yes; let them be mad," said Range, whose heart throbbed with delight.

"It do make you look so handsome!" said Jane; and then, running once more to the door, she listened, and came slowly back.

"I wouldn't do this, only you can't," she whispered, with her face scarlet. "It isn't proper for me to do."

"No one will blame you for helping and taking pity on a poor fellow like me, Jane: and never mind what people say, I'll take care of and protect you as long as you live."

"I don't quite like to," said Jane, hanging her head. "It ain't right."

"It is right; I tell you it is right!" cried Range.

"Then I will!" said Jane, letting her broom fall against a chair; and, stooping over him, she kissed him twice quickly on the cheek, and started back with her face aflame.

"Jane!" roared Range. "How dare you!"

"Why, you said I might," she said, half laughing, and hanging her head very bashfully.

"Said you might?"

"Yes: and we're going to be married as soon as I get you away."

"What have I been saying to the girl?" groaned Range. Then, aloud—"You foolish girl, what nonsense!"

"Why, you said I was to go and see the clergyman about it!"

"About getting me out of this cursed prison, you mad woman! You mistake me."

"I don't," said Jane, stamping her foot and ready to sob. "You've always been making love to me, though you were mad."

"I've not!" cried Range, excitedly. "You mistake."

"I haven't!" cried the girl, flaming up angrily. "You've always been courting me and talking to me through the wall."

"As anyone else would talk to you, my poor girl."

"Oh, no, you haven't!" said Jane, softly. "Nobody else never talked to me as you have; and I'd go through anything for you even if you are mad."

"But, my dear girl, you really mistake me."

"Oh, no, I don't!" said Jane. "Didn't you ask me for a lock of my hair?"

"Oh, what nonsense!"

"You say so now, because you've got a fit come on, and you forget," sighed Jane. "But I'm going to wait, and when you say we'll go off together and get married proper, I'll get you your things and take you away."

Range's brow grew corrugated, and he lay watching the girl in hopeless perplexity as she hurriedly finished her task, while he tried to arrange his thoughts so as to speak gently, kindly, and convincingly to the poor simple-hearted girl about her mistake.

But the opportunity did not come, for steps were heard approaching, and Jane said, hastily—

"Hush! here's some one coming. I don't mind your speaking unkindly to me. I know what you mean when you're better, and I'm going to wait."

Then Mewburn entered with Pannell, and as soon as the girl had gone, there was a long and stormy scene, a repetition of many others, and Range felt that he had Pannell to thank for saving him from violence—the great bluff fellow interfering, and at last forcing Mewburn away, but not before he had stung Range into a sharp reply.

"I tell you one thing," cried Mewburn, "if you don't soon come to terms, I'll kill you!"

"Thank you," said Range, coolly. "I only stipulate for a decent funeral. I'll give you the funds for that."

"What, do you want to die?" said Pannell, curiously.

"No," said Range; "but I'd pay the forfeit of my life for the sake of knowing that your hang-dog-looking, contemptible scoundrel of a companion would be executed for my murder!"

Mewburn came at him furiously, but Pannell held him back.

"Don't hit him, Nathan, for speaking the truth," chuckled Pannell. "Ha, ha, ha, he had you there!"

"The poor brute's half mad!" said Mewburn, with a sneer.

"Perhaps so," said Range, who found Pannell's good-humored smile contagious; "but you won't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"Curse you!" began Mewburn; but a great heavy hand gripped him by the shoulder.

"That'll do!" cried Pannell. "Come away," and Range heard him continue as they were passing out, "Shell wouldn't have that."

"Shell and you are a pair of dunces, wasting money in expense. If I had him to myself for twenty-four hours, the business would be done!"

"I'm rather weak," thought Range, as the door closed; "but I feel as if I should like to pass those four-and-twenty-hours alone with that miserable, sordid scoundrel. I don't think he'd win.

"I could forgive John Pannell, and not be so very hard on that clever snake Sheldrake but I could kill Nathan Mewburn with all the pleasure that one feels in destroying some noxious beast.

"Pah! I'm getting out of myself again," he muttered. "This excitement tells upon a man. Let's have a look at Judith and the captain, and see how their housekeeping is getting on."

He moved towards the window, after a long walk up and down, and then suddenly stopped.

"Poor lass!" he muttered. "I never thought she was taking it like that. Oh! it is too absurd. My lovely hair!"

He walked to the glass and looked in, to burst into a fit of bitter laughter at his grotesque, Pierrot-like aspect.

The laugh ended with a very fierce stamp of the foot, and he ground his teeth with rage.

"Why doesn't that Farleigh do something?" he cried, bitterly. "Oh! that a man should be so helpless when he is branded with such a mark as this! If I don't do something I shall go mad indeed!"

CHAPTER LXXIII.

LADY FANSHAW MAKES A PROMISE.

FARLEIGH parted from Sir Harry directly, and, restless and excited, went into the billiard-room and took up a cue, to begin knocking the balls about, with his mind at work trying to find some escape from the peril that was hemming him in.

He was planning out his course, and asking himself whether it would not be better to escape at once; but he felt that he could not do that, and leave the witness of his deed behind to betray all.

"They'd hunt me down in a week," he felt; "and, though it would be brought in man-slaughter, my position would be gone then."

He was interrupted in his musings by the rustling of a stiff silk dress, and Lady Fanshaw entered the room, thin, pale, and care-worn.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she said, hastily; and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"And now you have found me, oh! mine enemy!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"Enemy?"

"What do you mean, then? Do you come as a friend?"

"I come to try and save you—to implore you to escape before it is too late."

"And you will go with me?" he said, his whole manner changing. "At last, then! Oh, Alice, how have I waited so long for this!"

"Are you mad?" she said. "You know that to-morrow the wood will be searched. Judith has told me all—told me what has been burning into my brain through these weary months. Everything will be discovered, and then it will be too late."

"Then go with me to-night."

"I come to talk to you of yourself," she said, coldly—"to bid you escape for your life, for I must tell Sir Harry all."

"You must not tell him a word," he hissed. "Let them discover what they like. Who is to prove that I did it?"

"I shall," she said, calmly. "I owe it to my husband to make this late reparation for my wrong. My illness and the prostration weakened me and kept me silent, and I kept on hoping always that you would leave this place, and hide in some foreign land."

"Hide!" he cried, bitterly. "Where? There is no road open to the sun or moon. This world throbs everywhere with tale-bearing nerves. Hide? Why, the world has grown too small! These bloodhounds of the law know every spot by heart. No, my dear; without you there would be no hiding-place for me. I must choose between social death and the real if I wish to escape."

"Go, George, at once—this evening—while there is time. To-morrow the discovery will be made, and I shall have told you all."

"You will tell nothing," he said, grimly. "I would sooner kill you than you should speak."

"Is not one crime enough upon your soul?" she said, very calmly. "I should not resist; I have nothing to live for now. But he would know; I should tell him first."

He gazed in her eyes and read his peril in their cold, unflinching determination, and his plan was conceived.

"You are right," he said quietly. "I will go."

"Yes—to-night," she said. "I could not bear for you to be seized for such a crime as this."

"Then you really do love me a little," he sneered.

"I love my husband, and I would spare him the agony of seeing the boy and man he worshipped treated as a common murderer."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully; "the game is up. I must go."

"And to-night—at once—before it is too late."

"No," he said; "I could not go yet."

"But to-morrow the discovery will be made."

"What of that?" he cried. "The discovery does not bring it home to me, unless you denounce me as you propose."

"I denounce you!"

"Yes, by confessing to Sir Harry!"

"I must confess. I shall tell him all about it."

"To-night?"

She hesitated.

"You must wait till Friday—a good day for a confession," he said, firmly. "This is Tuesday. It will give me time to get away. I must have a few hours' law."

"But to-morrow's horrors! Think of them."

"Let to-morrow's horrors take care of themselves. Perhaps it will be a week before the discovery is made. Promise me that you will wait till Friday. Then confess what you will; I shall be safe."

"You swear that you will leave here if I wait till then?"

"I swear," he said, coldly. "There, are you satisfied? It is time this weary play was at an end."

"Yes," she cried; "I am satisfied," and she turned to go.

"Stop!" he said, hoarsely. "We shall never meet again. You know how I have loved you."

"Silence!" she said very sternly; and he saw her face assume its former look of loathing.

"No, I will not be silent," he said, in a low, deep voice. "I know now that you do not love me—that you never did—and I have this knowledge for my recompense, that I killed that man to save your reputation."

"What more do you wish to say?" she said, coldly.

"I say I am going to see you no more, but I must have one memory of the past as some slight solace when I am far away. Will you grant my last wish?"

"What is it?" she said.

"Write me these words, and give me to-morrow or next day, when you will, Forgive me, and put your initials there. I shall not speak to you again before I go save in the presence of others. You will do this?"

"I will," she said, coldly, and she left the room.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AN EXCITING WATCH.

THERE was no gathering at dinner at the Priory that night. Sir Harry partook of something in the boudoir with Lady Fanshaw.

Judith declined hers; Carleigh did not make his appearance; and Sir Robert and the American visitor had the dining-room all to themselves, to sit talking and smoking afterwards and thinking over their plans.

"Come to my door about half-past eleven," said Sir Robert, "and I'll show you the best way. There will be nothing done before then."

"We had better go sooner," said Uncle Wash.

"I think not," said Sir Robert. "Depend upon it that will be ample time."

Uncle Wash allowed himself to be overruled, for he did not see much likelihood of steps being taken before midnight, even if anything was done at all.

It was close upon half-past eleven when the old man opened his bedroom door, his chamber being the one that his nephew had occupied; and on looking out cautiously upon the dark corridor he found all silent.

He had to go to the end of the passage to reach Sir Robert's room, and he was hesitating, because it wanted five minutes of the time, when he heard the next door to his own open softly, and some one passed closely by him whom, with his well-trained senses, he recognised as Carleigh, by a peculiar hissing way with which he drew his breath.

He went to the end opposite to that where Sir Robert slept; and as Uncle Wash listened, he heard a door-handle turned softly, when there was a momentary glow of light as from an expiring fire, and then the door closed.

"What room's that, I wonder," he said to himself; "and what's he doing there?" for he had not Milly's knowledge of the place so as to enable him to tell that Carleigh had entered Lady Fanshaw's boudoir, where he softly lit a wax taper and busied himself for a moment by the writing-case before going back to his room, where he locked himself in and sat down by the open window.

He did not pass Uncle Wash on his return, though, for after waiting a few moments till his time was up the old American went to Sir Robert's room, and together

they descended the stairs and passed out through the conservatory and down to the Wilderness, where, in obedience to the visitor's wish, Sir Robert sat down with him on the rough seat that Sir Harry had had made by the landslip.

It was intensely dark—a couple of hours before moonrise, and not a star visible, so that where they sat, beneath a holm-oak whose leafage was evergreen and dense, they were in complete concealment, unless anyone came close up and peered into the hollow where they sat.

Half a dozen times over Sir Robert pressed his companion's arm, feeling sure that he heard coming steps; but for a long while Uncle Wash. did not move.

At last, when all seemed perfectly still, the old man laid his great hand on Sir Robert's; but it was some time before the old general heard the rustling of someone coming, for he had not the keen senses of a man who had to be always on the watch to save his life.

A slight pressure of the hand passed between the two listeners, for it was too dark to watch, and they remained there almost breathless as they heard the person who had come rustling and moving about among the rushes before them.

Once or twice a heavy stone or two rattled down and fell with a very loud plash in the deep stream, and then the rustling continued, as if someone were searching about eagerly.

All at once, the sound ceased, whoever it was in front remaining perfectly still; and the reason was soon made plain, for a fresh rustling noise was heard coming from the listeners' right, as if someone were on his way from the house.

CHAPTER LXXV.

WHAT UNCLE WASH HEARD.

THE noise came nearer—a soft rustling noise of boots thrusting aside the bushes and last autumn's leaves. This went on and Sir Robert and his companion, though they could see nothing, plainly realized that this second comer was about to join the first.

Uncle Wash's breath came fast, and he would have liked to whisper his suspicions to Sir Robert; but so still was everything his voice he felt would be assuredly heard above the rushing, silvery noise of the waters, and he remained there listening as intently as when in bygone days he had waited for an Indian sign.

The rustling continued, passing right on till it was evident that the two, whoever they were, must be in close proximity.

The silence was intensely painful now, for all at once the rustling made by the second comer stopped; then a loud expiration of breath was heard, and then a suppressed cry, which indicated surprise, and that those in front were not friends.

"Who's this?" said a voice familiar to both the listeners. "Sam Burton!"

"Yes," was the gruff answer.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"I mun see to my work, cap'en. What are you doing here?"

"You villain! you were watching me," cried Carleigh, in a voice full of suppressed anger.

"Nay, I niver watched you, sir. It's my duty to be down here."

There was a dead pause, and then Carleigh said in a low voice—

"Do you want money, Sam?"

"Nay, sir, I'm reight enew for that."

And then silence.

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Sam?"

"What Sir Harry bids me."

"You know what I mean. What are you going to do?"

"Shall I tell thee what I would like to do sir?"

"Yes.

"Up and tell the whole truth about the lungeing coward as shot me, and then shot my poor dog."

"I don't understand you, man."

"Nay, but thou dost, and thou'd strangely like to send a bullet through my head to-night, only thou knows thou'st anew to do to-morrow to face it out about him as is lying theer."

"What?"

"Ah! it's too late, cap'en, to talk that way. Thou knows I've had it on my mind ever since, and asked myself whether I should tell Sir Harry; but wouldn't say what would break the heart of the best master as ever lived."

"It was an accident, Sam; I swear it was an accident."

"Eh? and weer it an accident when thou shot me, and then my poor Bess? If I was thou, sir, I'd put the seas between me and that 'Merican gent before to-morrow's gone, for he's scented it all out, as sure as sure."

"But you, Sam?"

"Me, sir? I shall hold by what I said, if I die for it."

"You're a good, faithful fellow, Sam; I will give you a hundred pounds on the day of your marriage."

"I don't want to foul my wedding wi' blood money, sir; and if I keep silence to-morrow about all I know, it's so as the best master in the world shan't hear that it was you as killed him as lies here, and tried to make my lady listen to your words."

There was a loud hiss as of anger, and then Sam went on sharply—

"Drop that hand, or by Him as made me I'll fire!"

There was the sharp click of a gun-lock heard, and then, after a terrible silence, Carleigh spoke again.

"You shouldn't have angered me by saying that. There, it is past; we must not quarrel. Now, tell me, Sam, what can we do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, do, man. Is there any means of hiding this or drawing them off the scent?"

"Nay, sir, no way. I coom down to-night to see if happen I might be able to do aught, but it's impossible. It must come out!"

There was a low gasp plainly heard, and then Carleigh exclaimed—

"You will not betray me?"

"Nay, you may feel sure o' that, sir. I shall say nowt."

"No matter what is said?"

"No matter what is said, sir, it's safe wi' me?"

"Then I don't care," said Carleigh, quickly.

"Thou'lt go away then, sir?"

"Go? No. I shall be here to-morrow, and the American may find out what he likes."

"And if they bring it home to thee, sir?" whispered Burton.

"Let them—if they can," said Carleigh, scornfully. "If they do, I did it to save my own life; but unless you betray me I am safe!"

As Carleigh whispered the words about saving his own life, Uncle Wash. laid his hand upon his companion's breast.

"And you mean to be here to-morrow, sir?" whispered Sam Burton, in a low excited voice.

"I mean to be here to-morrow. Let them find it. There is nothing to identify me with the crime."

As he spoke, a pang shot through him, for he recalled the state in which he had returned to his room that night.

The next moment he thought of the time, and months of lying in the moist earth, and he took hope.

"Then you will coom?" said Sam Burton, broadly.

"Yes, I shall come."

The voices ceased. The rustling began, going off to the right, and died away, and as it did, a fresh rustling began, and was continued up the side of the gully, and finally it too ceased.

For the space of quite an hour the tired listeners remained; and then, satisfied that no attempt was to be made to throw them off the scent, the two returned silently to the house, and to Sir Robert's room, where they sat talking for some time before parting in the early morn of an eventful day.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LAST ENVELOPE.

THAT night Lady Fanshaw had only been able to conceal heragony of mind by pleading illness and lying down, with Sir Harry, who was also, beneath a calm demeanor, terribly excited, keeping watch beside her bed.

And as she lay there with her face covered, she saw the whole scene as of old, and asked herself how it would be possible for her to exist, knowing what would be going on next morning in the woods.

It was only the memory of the agonies she had already passed that gave her strength; and joined to that was the thought that on the Friday she would confess all to her husband, and be at rest.

Then came the thought of Judith, and the discovery that must be made. How could she look her in the face again—that face that would be so terribly changed? Ah! it seemed more than she could bear!

Sir Harry rose from his chair by her side, and leant over her.

"Asleep!" he said, softly, with a painful sigh, and in his misery he left the room with light tread to seek his own, to sit and think of how he could keep the horrors of the next day from his wife's knowledge.

"It would half kill her in her delicate state," he said; and he bitterly repented his promise, till he grew calmer, and felt that it was inevitable, and must be done.

Lady Fanshaw had not been left alone many minutes before she rose and went into the boudoir to seat herself at the writing-table, with its stationary stand before her.

Taking up a sheet of note-paper, she wrote the words Carleigh had asked—

"I forgive you!"

But she did not sign to them her name, and after sitting gazing at them for a few minutes, she tore the paper into the smallest fragments, and threw them into the Chinese basket at her side.

Then she repented of her act, and thoughtfully taking a fresh sheet she wrote the words again, to sit looking at them for some minutes in a weak, dazed manner, as if she hardly comprehended what she did.

Raising her eyes she gazed vacantly round the handsomely furnished room, the ornamentation her husband's special gift to her at their marriage.

"No!" she cried, fiercely; "I will wait; but I cannot do this thing."

Once more the paper was torn into tiny fragments; and as they fell in a shower in the basket there was a reaction.

"I might forgive him—even him whom I loathe—as I hope to be forgiven," she said, softly.

Bending forward she took a fresh sheet, dashed the words down, under the excitement of the moment; then, with the paper in her hand, stopped short.

"No; it is for my husband to say those words when he knows all."

She tore the paper up once more, and the scraps were falling from her attenuated hands, when Judith, who had been unable to remain passive in her own room, stole in to make sure that her cousin knew nothing about the search that was to take place.

Their eyes met in a strange, inquiring look; and then Judith caught at something to say to put an end to the terrible restraint under which she felt herself.

"Oh, Alice!" she cried; "writing letters, when you know how likely it is to make you ill again?"

Lady Fanshaw smiled faintly, but did not speak.

"Let me write for you, dear!" You have been trying, I see, and have torn your letter up."

"Yes," said Lady Fanshaw, with a strange shiver.

"There, lie down, dear!" continued Judith, tenderly, "and let me be your amanuensis."

"It does not matter."

"But it does!" said Judith, helping her cousin to the couch, whose pillow she arranged; and then, after bending down and kissing her, she returned to the writing-table.

"There!" she said, assuming a merriment she did not feel—"to whom shall I write first?"

"First," said Lady Fanshaw, wearily, trying to think of someone to whom a message might be sent—"to—to—send a line to Dr. Murray, asking him to call if he is in this direction to-morrow."

"You are not worse, dear?" said Judith, eagerly.

"Oh, no!" said Lady Fanshaw, in a whisper; "I feel calmer and better now—better than I have felt for months. Judith, love, I can seem to see the end of this weary fever, and I shall be better soon."

"That is not true," said Judith to herself, as she noted her cousin's feverish excitement; and, with a feeling of satisfaction that it was the right thing to send this note, she carefully indited a few lines, and added a postscript, praying that the doctor would make a point of calling, and not defer it till he was coming by.

"There," said Judith, glad of the opportunity to talk of some indifferent matter, and to dull the fever in her own brain—"there, dear, will that do?" and she read the note, omitting the postscript.

"Yes, that will do," said Lady Fanshaw, dreamily.

"That's well," continued Judith. "Why, you've only one envelope left;" and she took the one little delicate-looking folding of paper from the stationary case.

"I—I have been writing a good deal!" said Lady Fanshaw, wearily; and she gazed through her half-closed eyes at the pale, excited-looking girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—The following is the Golden Legend of St. George (the patron saint of England and Portugal) and the Dragon:—

It is related of St. George that he arrived at a city of Lybia, called Sylene. Near the city was a stagnant lake or pond, like a sea, wherein dwelt a dragon, which was so fierce and venomous that he terrified and poisoned the whole country. The people, therefore, assembled to slay him; but when they saw him, his appearance was so horrible that they fled. Then the dragon pursued them even to the city itself, and the inhabitants were nearly destroyed by his very breath, and suffered so much that they were obliged to give him two sheep every day to keep him from doing them harm. At length the number of sheep became so small that they could only give him one sheep a day, and they were obliged to give him a man instead of the other. At last, because all the men might not be eaten up, a law was made that they should draw lots to give him the youths and infantes of all ranks, and so the dragon was fed upon young gentlefolks and poor people's children, till the lot fell upon the king's daughter.

Then the king was very sorry, and begged the people to take his gold and silver instead of his daughter; but this the people would not accept, because the lot had been cast according to the king's own law. Then the king wept very much, and begged of the people to give the princess eight days before she should be given to the dragon to be devoured, and the people consented. And when the eight days had gone, the king caused his daughter to be richly dressed, as if she were going to her bridal, and having kissed her, he gave her his blessing, and the people led her to where the dragon was.

St. George had just come. When he saw the princess there and demanded why she was there, she answered—

"Go your way, fair young man, that you perish not also."

Then again St. George demanded the reason of her being there and why she wept, and endeavored to comfort her; and when she saw he would not be satisfied, she told him. Upon this St. George promised to deliver her; but she could not believe he had power to do her so great a service, and therefore again begged him to go away.

And while they were thus talking the dragon appeared, and began to run towards them. But St. George, being on horseback, drew his sword and signed himself with the cross, and rode violently, and, smiting the dragon with his spear, wounded him so severely that he threw him down.

Then St. George called to the princess to bind her girdle round the dragon's neck, and not to be afraid, and when she had done so, "the dragon followed her as it had been a meke beest and debonayre." She led him into the city, and when the people saw them they fled for fear to the mountains and valleys, till, being encouraged by St. George, they returned, and he promised to slay the dragon if they would believe and be baptized. Then the king was baptized with upwards of 15,000 men, besides women and children, and St. George slew the dragon and cut off its head; and people took four carts and drew the body, with oxen, out of the city; and the king built a church, and dedicated it to St. George.

Scientific and Useful.

SQUARE WIRE.—A recent invention for the use of electricians is square wire, which is claimed to be, not only mechanically, but electrically, better than round wire.

WATER-TIGHT.—A brick being about as porous as a lump of sugar and having six sides, it needs careful filling for water-tight work in cesspools, etc., and a thin grout or porridge of cement is commonly used. Heating the brick and soaking beforehand in thick coal tar has been recommended. A man may lay common wall all his life without learning how to make brick water-tight.

BATH BAGS.—A great Paris drapery house is selling "bath bags," by the use of which "refined people" may obtain a sort of velvety, oatmeal soap complexion ablution, for the moderate sum of eight cents. These queer articles consist of a bag containing half a pound of bran, some meal and a little powdered soap. On wetting and pressing the bag a lather is produced, and, at the same time, a soft pad for rubbing purposes.

SPARROWS.—A gentleman in Germantown who was greatly annoyed by a colony of sparrows that had taken up their quarters in a mass of ivy covering one side of his house, got rid of them by a novel expedient. One day he purchased half a pound of red pepper, and, going up to the third story, opened the windows and sifted the pepper down through the ivy. The alarm of the sparrows was evinced by the haste with which they left their hiding-places. Every bird took its departure, and his premises are now clear of them.

OAK POLISH.—For oak polish, shred finely 2 oz. of beeswax and ½ oz. of white wax; put in a jar and cover it with a pint of spirits of turpentine; let it stand twenty-four hours to dissolve; then shred ½ oz. of Castile soap, and pour on it half a gill of boiling water; when quite dissolved, add the dissolved wax and turpentine, and shake all well together into a creamy liquid. Cork the bottle securely, and it will keep good for a year's use. When used pour the mixture on a piece of flannel, rub it well into the oak wood, and then polish with a soft cloth.

CLEANLINESS.—Keeping the head perfectly clean, says a recent writer, is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

Farm and Garden.

THE CHICKENS.—Oyster-shells, old mortar, crushed egg-shells, chalk, burnt limestone, all go to the assistance of forming the shell, and the hens should have something of that nature in order to be able to lay regularly. A hen can no more lay from insufficient egg material than a cow can give milk without proper grain and hay.

GRAPES.—Last fall a lady placed a quantity of ripe grapes in a stone churn, had it buried in a hole in the ground, placing at such a depth that there was about eighteen inches of dirt upon the cover of the churn. The other day the churn was dug up and opened, when the grapes were found as fresh and juicy as they were the day they were buried.

BUTTER.—One of the first essentials to a good package of butter is the use of a pure article of dairy salt, free from any injurious ingredients, and that will retain the flavor and good keeping qualities of the butter. The use of poor salt has done more to injure butter than any other cause, and too much care cannot be given to selecting the salt used.

WEEDS.—The best way, says a correspondent, to apply salt to paths to destroy weeds is as follows: Dissolve the salt in water, one pound to one gallon, and apply the mixture with a watering-pot that has a spreading rose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. Put one pound to the square yard the first year; afterwards a weaker solution may be applied when required.

TREES.—Aside from the looks of the thing, dead limbs on fruit or other trees should be promptly removed. Where limbs die from blight the cutting should be below the diseased part, or it will spread the infection. Prompt cutting down to healthy wood will check most cases of blight. The saw used should not be applied to healthy trees unless first washed with carbolic acid and water.

HOG CHOLERA.—A writer on hog cholera says he knows of no certain cure for the disease; but to prevent it from spreading after it makes its appearance in a herd he thinks is an easy matter. His method of doing so is to take pine tar and smear it well on ear corn two or three times a month and the hogs will not have the cholera. He says it will stop the cholera or any other disease after it makes its appearance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1883.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 726 Sansom St.

Futile Benevolent Spasms.

Many intelligent people are imbued with a vein of superstitious belief in luck or chance, and are prone to assign these as the potent reasons for success in others, but seldom account for their own good fortune on a like basis. They seem to acquire, and harbor a chronic dislike for the great rule of average, which invariably aggregates the same general results by the application of similar-producing causes, varied only in slight percentages of individual exceptions that are affected by particular circumstances. Their logic, carried to legitimate conclusions, would immediately prevent every farmer from planting his crops at this season, because the luck of the clouds, or the chance of the winds, or the contingency of the frosts, is certain to disappoint some in the harvests they expect to gather. This sentiment appears to be a sort of latent protest, in many minds, against submission to the universal requirements of nature, which decree that those who obtain substantial results, must accomplish them by energy, industry, economy, and ceaseless application, either mental, physical or spiritual, as the case may be. The percentage of exceptions to this rule is very small, and confined exclusively to the realm of material wealth. The original "Adam" in the human race harbors resentful antipathy to the perpetual obligations of moral or natural laws. The average mind is largely subject to moods or spasms when surrounding circumstances or stimulating causes make excellent deeds comparatively easy. The unvarying and constant obligations of the Golden Rule, and the incessant claims of distressed humanity, become irksome, while the gush of gratification at relieving want that has the champagne stimulus of tragic or pathetic circumstance, is almost a luxury. A recent event graphically illustrates this. After strenuous efforts, a policeman succeeded in grabbing the ankle of a man just in time to save him from casting himself headlong off the great New York and Brooklyn bridge, to sure death and the water, 146 feet below. Investigation showed him to be a German laborer, who had a sick wife and eight small children starving at home, while he was unable to procure work or do anything for their relief. Haunted by this spectre of home, which drove him to frenzied despair, he paid his last cent to gain access to the bridge, and by the merest accident was prevented from committing self-murder. Graphic narrations of the facts in the daily papers sent a thrill through thousands of hearts that would ordinarily have complacently passed his mute looks of haggard woe for months and years, without affording practical relief; and the result was, that the laborer, who was hopeless on Sunday night, was the possessor of over $500 in cash, a superabundance of groceries and edibles, and employment at $8 a week, on Tuesday morning. This was certainly prompt and efficient aid, and speaks well for the sympathetic generosity of those who furnished it, but we doubt its wisdom. The subject of it will possess unusual characteristics if he is not demoralized to some extent as soon as the effervescence of feeling passes off, and the monotonous duties of hard, every day life grind slowly on again. The spirit of brave, self-reliant manhood must have much of its vital element quenched, and the reactionary influence that follows tend toward chronic pauperism. These will be the effects on hundreds of others in hard circumstances, even if the above recipient escapes unharmed. The best and truest benevolence is that which is vigilant, unobtrusive and unostentatious, and bestowed upon the people that come within the observation and personal reach of those administering it, and that is so applied as to enable the beneficiaries to help themselves, while acting as a preventive of tragic climaxes. If everyone would carefully do all in their power for those within the circle of their own actual knowledge, there need be no waiting for the upper and nether millstones of cruel circumstances to furnish the reactionary stimulus of gushing spasms in relieving harrowing woes, and the permanent good would be much greater.

Gubernatorial Sociability.

The new executive of Rhode Island, Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, is a man of great wealth and unusual literary and social acquirements. On the evening of his inauguration as Governor, he gave a general reception to his neighbors and fellow citizens at his elegant Newport villa residence, Chateau-sur-Mer, which was devoid of political significance, and inspired only by the commendable spirit of genuine hospitality that always animates the true gentleman. It seems almost like the days of Washington and Jefferson, before the modern spirit of self-seeking and pandering to popular debasement had become the principal item of political preferment, and would be an excellent example for others of our wealthy and cultivated citizens to emulate. Over three thousand persons availed themselves of the invitation to participate in the festivities, and the scene at 1 o'clock was unusually animated and brilliant. The central drawing room was used as a reception room, where the Governor and Mrs. Wetmore, assisted by his general and personal staff in full uniform, received a steady stream of guests. Mrs. Wetmore was tastefully dressed, and wore diamond ornaments. All the principal officers of State, civic and military, and officers of local regiments were present, with many distinguished guests. A very choice collation by the best local purveyor was served to all visitors, and rich and poor fraternized together, the health of the Governor and his wife being drank with great enthusiasm. The whole house and grounds were thrown open, and very brilliantly illuminated. The Newport Military Band was present, and discoursed excellent music. The occasion surpassed in elegance anything before attempted in the State, and was a pleasing revival of old-time colonial executive sociability, before official incumbents shaped every movement to fit the groove of demagoguism.

LAUGHTER is one of the best physicians known, being as necessary as fresh air to invalids, hypochondriacs, sufferers from nervous exhaustion, and those prostrated by business cares and mental worries. He is a gay companion, a foe to gloom and death, for, being a disciple of the god of innocent merriment, joy, brightness, and health accompany him everywhere. His treatment is simple, and applicable to all ages. He never makes any charge for his services, and he is always ready to come when sent for. His face wears the brightest of smiles, which are in themselves better than most of the drugs in the pharmacopeia for curing certain diseases, and his presence is sufficient to rouse the weak and lethargic into new life. Invalids should consult him as often as possible if they would lighten their burdens, make their lives longer and happier, and defy the approaching hand of Time, which spares no one from its withering influence.

NINE out of every ten lady promenaders on Chestnut street, or Fifth avenue, will gaze almost to rudeness upon one of their own sex who is arrayed in apparel that is a little more in the extreme of "fashion" than their own, or that has some points in the make-up which the wildest flights of originative conception has never before reached. The same is true of lady occupants of fine equipages as they dash gaily through Fair mount or Central Parks. In choice boxes at theatres or operas, or at fancy dress balls, the same practice is always noticeable, and the intense ogling with opera and eye-glasses is sometimes almost distressing. Long observation by close analyzers has never been able to decide whether the expression that flits over the countenances of the fair gazers is that of contempt, envy, or admiration. Would not this be a useful topic for some school of philosophy to decide?

THE knowledge which we crave and work for, which we look for and find, which we think out or dig out for ourselves, which we rejoice in as a newly found treasure—that is the knowledge, be it small or great, which is worth having. It is like the food for which we hunger—it gives us fresh power and fuller life. It matters far less even what this knowledge is than the way in which it was gained. The most systematic and well-prepared course of study worried through by a student whose only care is that he may get his diploma, is of far less value to him or to the world than the vital thought of the young mechanic who, anxious to master the secrets of his trade, patiently studies its details, discovers its principles, and infuses into it his own fresh and living force, perhaps in the form of some new invention, or perhaps in a more skilful touch of a more delicate finish than it has yet received.

WE are far too narrow in our conceptions of what justice means. It makes many claims upon us which no law can ever enforce, and with which public sentiment can never meddle. It demands much more than the discharge of pecuniary obligations. It enters into every detail of life, and regulates our conduct in all the relations we bear to others. It pronounces upon our behavior to relatives and friends, and the community in which we dwell. It enforces debts of gratitude, of affection, of thoughtful consideration, of kindness, of compassion, as well as those of dollars and cents. To call a man just who is not kind, or tender, or pitiful, or loving, is a misnomer. True justice implies the true exercise of all these sentiments in their proper season, and the cheerful discharge of the conduct which they suggest.

THE temper by which right taste is formed is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it lest it should be pearls, even though it looks like husks. It is a good ground—soft, penetrative, retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts to choke the weak seed; it is hungry, and thirsty, too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it. It is an honest and good heart that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards.

The World's Happenings.

A Brooklyn skating-rink has been converted into a church.

Kangaroo leather is the toughest leather known, but not much used.

A horse which was known to be 40 years old died recently on Staten Island.

Mohammedan residents of London are making arrangements to build a mosque in that city.

A chicken, with two complete bodies and only one head, is a curiosity in Angel's Camp, California.

A "hen-rooster," that lays eggs and crows, is in possession of a farmer at Buck Level, California.

One of the best Latin and Greek scholars in Athens, Ga., is working for 70 cents a day sodding some land.

A Texan, who has lived for years among the cowboys, says that many of them are graduates of Eastern colleges.

There are 539,309,179 acres of land cultivated by the farmers of the United States, which is valued at $10,197,095,770.

Digger Indians, in the grasshopper infected regions of California, are enjoying a feast on the troublesome insects.

An 18-year-old male resident of Plymouth, N. Y., is six and a half feet high, although only weighing 127 pounds.

In Germany teachers employed by the Government travel from place to place and give instructions in bee-keeping.

A pair of English sparrows have built their nest within the glass shade of one of the electric lights in Bridgeport, Conn.

The German authorities, with a view to discourage emigration, have forbidden the railways to carry emigrants at reduced rates.

A dog is said to perform good service as a mail carrier at Calico, Cal., making two trips a day to the station, two miles distant.

Pneumonia has caused about 3,000 deaths in New York since last October, a number larger than from any other cause except pulmonary consumption.

The Universalists are peculiarly well satisfied over that result of the Old Testament revision which knocks one feature out of the book and substitutes "sheol."

Chicago factories are said to employ 8,000 children under 15 years of age, 5,000 of whom are girls. All are compelled to work from ten to fourteen hours a day.

A scientist sees the possibility of utilizing the steady winds of the prairies, and predicts that in time they will be used to drive machinery for all sorts of purposes.

An old Australian woodsman declares that a bruised raw onion applied at once to the wounds from venomous serpents will arrest the action of the poison.

During a lull in conversation at a church festival was the time selected by a worker in an Auburn, Me., shoe factory to ask his employer for an increase in salary. He got it.

Young chicks come into the world with the yolk of the egg stored away for their immediate nourishment, and therefore they need no food for from twelve to twenty-four hours.

A groceryman at Keokuk, Ia., in subscribing $1 to a church entertainment, added after his signature: "The only place in Keokuk where you can get sixteen pounds of sugar for $1."

The first letter he ever received was delivered to a 80-year-old resident of Walker's Creek, Ga., the other day, as the aged Southerner claims. The reply was equally as remarkable, being the first letter he ever wrote.

A Toronto judge has refused the application of certain petitioners for the incorporation of a club for rowing, sailing, yachting and other social sports, on the ground that the petitioners were too old for such exercises.

A bill to prohibit newspapers from publishing details of suicides is being considered by the Legislature of Uruguay. The bill provides a fine of $250 for the first offence, and $500 or four months' imprisonment for the second.

A prisoner who had been declared "not guilty," in a murder trial at Raleigh, hanged himself the other day after confessing that he was guilty, and that remorse led him to inflict upon himself the punishment he escaped in the courts.

A house at Schenectady, N. Y., was for a long time infested by roaches and water-bugs. Last fall a servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hoptoads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water-bug can now be found in the house.

Boston scoundrels advertise work to do at home, exact two or three dollars for material, promise to pay good prices for the job when finished, and then refuse to take the finished work, on the ground that it does not suit. The material only costs a few cents.

A petty scandal having been set afloat concerning him, the pastor of an African Methodist Church in Des Moines, Ia., entered upon an explanation of his connection with the affair to his congregation on a recent Sunday, from his pulpit. He was greatly excited, and in the course of his remarks dropped dead.

A boy who had annoyed a cow-tender in a village in Sussex, England, was caught by the latter and tied to a cow's legs. The frightened animal ran into an adjoining field, where the boy's head struck against a hedge with such violence that the rope broke. The poor lad received such injuries that he soon died after great suffering.

The intelligence of Texas cows is evidently above the average of such animals, judging from the following from a paper of that State: "The other day we saw a cow take from a wagon-bed a spring seat, place it on the ground, and stand on it to make herself more comfortable while she ate a box of eggs and cotton-seed."

SOMETIME.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

Sometimes, in my life's early morning,
  Sweet dreams of the future there came;
Dreams of a future immortal,
  Of a life full of glory and fame;
But the sweet dreams of childhood are over,
  And awakened by thoughts more sublime
My laurels I'll reap at Death's river,
  As I cross its dark water sometime.

Sometimes, when my soul is weary
  And burdened with care and woe,
I wander alone by the streamlet,
  And list to its musical flow;
And I fancy the voice of an angel
  Blends with its musical chime,
Awaking my soul from its slumber
  With its notes of the sweet sometime.

Sometimes I think of a loved one
  Who has passed from mortal sight,
Borne away in the arms of the angels,
  Away to the mansions of light;
Up the golden stair, unfettered,
  His worn-weary feet may climb;
I, too, shall mount it, beside him,
  In the distant, yet near, sometime.

A Cipher Message.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

NO doubt there were some in the time of the Queen of Sheba who carped at the wisdom of Solomon: and so there were people in the city who had something to say against the firm of Parkman, Bubb and Parkman, of 17, Change Alley. They could not deny that it was an old established concern, for Parkmans' had been trading between London and Calcutta in almost the early days of John Company Bahadur. And of course when old Parkman died rather suddenly, these carpers were still more triumphant. For the second partner was only a sleeping partner—sleeping, it was currently reported, on a fine estate in Ross-shire—and young Parkman—well, he was young Parkman. Then Critchlow, the cashier, was young for a cashier, being under forty; and Crisp, the head clerk, was very young, being something over thirty. And altogether Parkmans' might expect, for some time to come, to hear a good deal about its young blood.

It was two o'clock on a Saturday some three weeks after old Mr. Parkman's death.

In the large office the clerks were putting away their books and getting down their hats. There was a murmur of talk about the river, or Wimbledon, or whatever amusement they severally had in view for the afternoon, when a tall man, dressed in dark mourning, and wearing his hat, entered from an inner room. The noise sank to a respectful hum. He was a handsome man, with a short, fair moustache, and light blue eyes. He nodded pleasantly to one or two of the clerks, and walked through to where a glass case in a corner indicated the sanctum of the head clerk. Crisp, a small, slender, dark complexioned man, looked up peevishly as the chief entered, but seeing who it was would have got down from his stool.

"Sit still," the merchant said, laying his hand lightly on the other's shoulder to stay him. "I am only waiting for the carriage. It is more pleasant here than in the outer office. You are not going about your usual business to-day, I think, Crisp, eh?"

The clerk's face flushed.

"No, Mr. James," he said, "I am not."

"What, haven't you made it up with her yet?"

The younger man shook his head, and then broke out suddenly, with:

"And what is more, sir, my temper has been so bad ever since Critchlow found out this deficiency, that I should be afraid of making matters worse. I don't wonder she could not stand it; it is no good my trying to make it up with her till I have cleared that up. Then I shall be myself again, and can look her in the face. As I told you, sir, I shall come back at four, and go through the books quietly by myself. I shall never forget your kindness, sir, never! But that Critchlow is so trying!—there's not a clerk in the office does not know that there is something the matter with my accounts."

Crisp spoke with deep feeling, and it was evident that the other believed him.

"Don't think too much of it!" he said, kindly. "If it cannot be explained, I shall still trust you. It is but a small amount. Try to hit upon the blot."

"Try!" cried the head clerk; "I've tried again and again."

He passed his hand through his hair until it stood on end, and with his bright, black eyes gave him a very wild look.

"Well, do your best," the merchant answered, drawing on his gloves. "You know my poor father had every confidence in you—as he had in your father—and I have the same, Crisp."

And then he went, the young man looking after him with grateful, almost worshipping, eyes. There were few men in his position and at his age so invariably kind and considerate to their inferiors as was James Parkman. Old Parkman had been the same; and father and son enjoyed a rare popularity in the office. It was whispered, but probably there was no truth in the malicious rumor, that they never quarrelled save with one another.

Crisp sat for some minutes pondering, and if his face was any index to his thoughts, upon some unpleasant subject. Then he rose and taking his hat went into the outer office. There were still two or three clerks there, detained by some small matters, and talking to them in a sharp, rasping voice was a stout, black-whiskered, short-faced man.

"Not found it out yet?" he said to Crisp, in a sneering tone. He was Critchlow, the cashier.

"No," retorted the head clerk, "nor likely to while there is so much noise in the office!"

"Well, if I were you, I'd stay and find it out, if I stayed until to-morrow. But it is fine to be you. I've got to stay until four or thereabouts, error or no error."

"I think," said Crisp, wrathfully, seeing the clerks upon the broad grin, "that I should make it hot for you if I stayed long with you anywhere!"

And without waiting to hear the cashier's retort, or the burst of laughter which his own excited answer evoked from the youngsters, he passed out and ran down the stairs and through the quiet alley into the street.

* * * * * *

It was 4:30 when Crisp, after threading divers of the city ways, in which the crowds were not rapidly lessening, turned again into Change Alley. A look of depression—a haggard care-worn look—was upon the young man's face as he crossed it, his head bent down. Suddenly a sweet, glad cry—oh! so out of place there—struck upon his ear, and he stopped and looked round with a start, to meet the next instant two little gloved hands thrust into his, two brown eyes swimming with tears looking into his black ones. "Oh, Ernest!" the girl cried—she was young and pretty, but dressed very plainly in black, and until this moment had worn her veil down—"aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad, my darling?" he cried, all the care gone out of his face; "yes, very glad. You know I am glad."

"And you do love me as much as ever," she pleaded with her eyes fixed so very anxiously on his.

"Yes," he said simply. Nor did she doubt him now, though during the last fortnight of the estrangement following that wretched petty quarrel she had fancied all sorts of dreadful things. "More and more every day, dearest. It was all my fault, Ethel. I had been worried and vexed by business, and visited it upon you."

The girl looked up at him with clinging eyes as if it had been a privilege he had granted her. Then she said, but not reproachfully, "I have been here half-an-hour. I expected you before."

"Did you," he answered. "It was so good of you to be here, generous of you, like yourself! But you must come in for a minute with me, Ethel. The house is quite empty. The caretaker I know has leave to be away this afternoon: and Critchlow, our cashier, will have left by now."

"I don't think I ought," she said smilingly.

"Nonsense!" he replied gaily. "I must put my books away now, and he come back after tea. And see, if you are thinking of the proprieties, there is a policeman watching us with the most unflattering interest."

He opened the door with his key, and she came shyly in. Once inside, however, and the door shut upon the inquisitive policeman—well, it is no matter to us how Crisp welcomed her. But this satisfactorily performed, they went upstairs, his arm round her waist—a strange sight in that dusty place—their steps echoing in the empty house. At the top of the stairs the door into the large clerks' room was ajar. Crisp pushed it open, and led her in. "And this is where you do your work?" she asked devouring with wide open eyes the long bare room, with its four windows, its row of desks and stools along one side, and the glass box in the far corner.

"No," he answered, laughing, "I am supposed to be a cut above this, darling. Only I am obliged to be very careful not to throw stones." He led her up the room, and unlocking the door of his glass house took her in. How delightful it was to help her up on his high stool, and hold her there—for, of course, being unaccustomed to it she might have become giddy! And see her fit her little boots to the rail of the desk, and unlock the latter and come at once face to face with her own photograph! And then to see her blush, all pleasure at this proof of his fidelity! It was all so delightful that he wondered why, though they had met in Change Alley on Saturday afternoons before, he had never brought her to see his office.

"And where do those lead to? Don't, Ernest; please leave my hair alone. How do you know, sir, that there is no one there?"

He stopped at once—whatever he was doing—and a dark shadow fell across his face. "That is Critchlow's room," he said. "And, by Jove, he's left his key in it! There's a nice piece of carelessness!" But there was no elation in his voice. It seemed as if a shadow had fallen on them both, from the moment her eyes were drawn to that door. It was not just in front of them—the door leading to the partner's rooms stood there—but in the corner on the left.

"I'll take the key and convict him at any rate of this," the young man said moodily, and went out of his glass case, and crossed the floor to the door. The girl followed him, a sudden strange feeling coming upon her. How hollow Ernest's footsteps rang. The sun too had gone behind a cloud, and the room seemed dreary, dusty, and cold too, for she shivered.

Crisp, after trying the cashier's door and finding it locked, slipped the key out and put it into his pocket. Then he locked his own door and pocketed that key also. It was strange perhaps that he took no farewell kiss in the hall, but opened the outer door hastily, and seemed to breathe more freely when they were out of the alley, and in the peopled street.

They took so long a walk, Ethel telling her lover of her latest troubles at Maintree House, a young ladies' seminary where she was tolerated as teacher of English, and Ernest confiding the dreadful matter of the error in his accounts, that when they parted he gave up all thought of returning to his books.

"But you must not be late another day, sir," were her last words. He thought nothing of them then, but afterwards, when he was alone, they puzzled him. There had been no appointment made for that afternoon, no promise given, no time fixed. So how could he have been late? It was odd. What did she mean by saying he was late?

* * * * * *

Crisp's omission to return to the books may have blunted his moral sense; or it may have been mere chance that led him to be nearly a quarter of an hour late on Monday morning. As he hurried up the alley he was surprised by the sight of a group collected about Parkman's door. Among them were one or two of Parkman's clerks looking unlike themselves, and one or two policeman unable to look anything but themselves.

"What is up?" he asked, lightly; but, though they all seemed to be looking at him, no one answered. Instead, a clerk, one of the juniors, said audibly, "That is Mr. Crisp!" and a strange voice answered emphatically, "That is the man!" This seemed to cause a sensation, amid which a short stout person with a blunt hearty voice and a humorous eye pushed through the group, and said "This way, sir, please," in a voice of authority.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Crisp.

"Tell you in a moment, sir. Please to step with me up to Mr. Parkman's room." And he took Crisp by the arm, in what the latter thought an odd fashion, and so led him up, and swiftly through the clerk's office, which was half full of staring gapers, and into the junior partner's room.

Crisp looked round him in utter bewilderment. On the hearth-rug stood Mr. Parkman, pale and agitated. By the window two gentlemen were talking. At the table, apparently making some notes, sat a police officer.

"Watson," said his conductor, shutting the door firmly behind them, "do you take him!" and fell back into a corner of the room, where he seemed to busy himself with an old Joe Miller, so very facetious, that it rendered him oblivious to all going on around him.

While Crisp stood looking from one to the other, the superintendent rose abruptly and stepped close to him. "Mine is a painful business, sir; you are Mr. Ernest Crisp, I think?"

It darted into Crisp's mind that the chief had put the police in motion in the matter of that little discrepancy in his accounts; but a single glance at Mr. Parkman's pale, sympathizing face sufficed to dispose of that. "Yes," he said, "I am. That is my name."

"You may or may not know then, that a great crime was committed here on Saturday afternoon. The cashier, Mr. Critchlow, has been found dead in his office, stabbed to the heart from behind."

"Mr. Critchlow," the head clerk whispered, with white shaking lips.

"And you have been identified as the person last seen to leave the house. I'm sorry to say that I must take you into custody on suspicion; I must warn you, too, Mr. Crisp, that anything you say will be given in evidence against you."

"On Saturday afternoon!" Crisp muttered in awed accents, looking around him with eyes that did not see. "But what—why am I suspected?"

"All that you will hear at the Mansion House. I am anxious to take you there at once, and with as little unpleasantness to yourself as possible."

"It is a mere formality, Crisp," Mr. Parkman volunteered, speaking for the first time with earnest kindness. "I will attend myself and say how perfectly ridiculous your conduct for years makes this charge appear."

The color came back to the clerk's face. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"Perhaps you will let yourself be searched here?" asked the policeman. Crisp nodded acquiescence, and did not flinch when the operation began. But the first articles to appear were two keys. The policeman looked carelessly at the first; but his face lit up wonderfully as he held up the second.

"This is the missing key!" he exclaimed, and a thrill of intelligence seemed to pass round the room.

"That key," said Crisp, still bewildered and grappling with the memory of things which seemed to have happened so long ago, "that is the key of Mr. Critch—," he stopped with trembling lips. He had gone so far unthinking; and then his position in all its bearings flashed across his mind. He remembered all that the presence of that key upon him, all that the words he had uttered, might mean for him. The room began to go round, visions of Ethel and Mr. Critchlow swam before his eyes. Amid an appalling silence, which had greeted his words, he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Five minutes later the room was cleared of all save its owner and the short stout man. "I cannot believe it now," Mr. Parkman was saying, "and yet the key!—the key! How can he explain that? How can he explain that?"

"You remember, sir, I told you it was a pretty clear case?" answered the detective—for such he was and a well-known one.

"You did, and I did not believe you," the merchant answered with a groan. He was very greatly distressed, and no wonder.

"Well, sir, I'm inclined to think that you were right and I was wrong," the other answered, dryly.

"Eh? Less clear now, inspector? But the key?"

"It is the key, and another matter or two that puzzles me," the man answered thoughtfully. "You've read, I dare say, of murderers doing stupid things, sir? There was that nurse who strangled her patient and then could not refrain from laying her out? Yes, quite so. But I never heard of a murderer carrying a proof against himself in his pocket; and that proof a thing he had no motive for keeping and every chance to get rid of!"

It almost seemed as if the merchant in his interest in the puzzle thus presented to him forgot his anxiety on behalf of his poor clerk. "But," he suggested, "it was very likely sheer carelessness. Its discovery you could see was a terrible shock to him."

"Quite true, sir," the detective said.

"And the female who, if the policeman is to be believed, was with him—if you could get a clue to her, she might clear it all up."

"I hope she may," the man answered, coolly, "for I have not only got the clue to her; I shall see her to-day. I don't think there can be any imprudence in showing you this. He took from a large pocket-book which he produced a tiny newspaper cutting. Mr. Parkman looked at it with a face of great amazement. It read thus:

"GL VGSVO NZRMGIVV SLFHV SRTSTZGV NVVG NV WVZIVHG ZG 17 XSZMTV ZOOVB ZG ULFI GLNLJILD YB GSZG GRNF RDROO SZEV IRW NBHVOU LU LFI DLIHG VMVNB BLFI OLERMT VIMVHG."

"But this is gibberish!" the merchant said, after turning it over.

"No, not gibberish," the detective answered, wondering that such a man should know so little of such a subject, "only cypher, and the easiest that exists. It's merely a transposition of the alphabet, Z is A, Y is B, and so on. But here is my translation. I may add, that the advertisement appeared in the *Standard* of last Friday, sir."

The translation ran as follows:

"To Ethel, Maintree House, Hightree,
"Meet me, dearest, at 17, Change Alley, at four to-morrow. By that time I will have rid myself of our worst enemy,
"Your loving, ERNEST."

"Good Heavens!" cried the merchant, pale with excitement. "He is lost! This is almost conclusive evidence. I don't know—good heavens!—I don't know, what can be said to this."

"Umph!" the detective said. "This advertisement is another thing which I had not when I gave you my opinion this morning." He said it meaningly, and paused as if expecting to be questioned. But Mr. Parkman had not marked the drift of his last words, and let them pass unchallenged.

Shortly afterwards, the merchant, pale but collected, had to be present at the Lord Mayor's inquiry at the justice-room of the Mansion House. We need not attend him thither, for only such evidence was taken as would justify a remand; and the reader can guess what that was. The policeman was examined, who had seen Crisp go into the house on the Saturday afternoon, and had likewise seen him leave it a little later, each time in company with a lady. Then the superintendant of police produced the key found upon the prisoner, and proved that it was the key of Mr. Critchlow's office, the door of which was found locked upon the outside. And two of Parkman's clerks reluctantly described the bad terms upon which the prisoner and deceased were, and the quasi threat with which the former had left Critchlow upon the last occasion, when the cashier was—so far as could be proved, seen alive by any one except the murderer. This amply sufficed; and Ernest Crisp, clerk, was formally remanded—bail, being, of course, refused—until the following Thursday, upon the charge of wilful murder. The inquest, opening the same day, was adjourned to await the result of the magisterial inquiry.

* * * * * *

"A clergyman to see Miss Maunder? I will see him first myself," said Miss Maintree, in her stiffest tone. She was the principal of the Maintree House seminary, the propriety of which was so rigid that no letters were permitted to be received by pupils or governesses, save such as could first be read by that dragon of virtue, the principal.

She was absent from the school-room ten minutes. The girls looked curiously at Ethel, and the latter wondered who it could be. She knew of no clergyman likely to visit her, and was surprised by the gracious permission to go to the drawing-room which Miss Maintree presently vouchsafed her; an indulgence due not so much to the reverend visitor's subtle politeness, as to the fact, casually made known by him, that he had three daughters of an age to be at school.

"You wished to see me?" Ethel said, surprised at confronting a short, portly clergyman, who was a complete stranger to her.

"I do. You look a sensible young lady, and I will tell you right out who I am and what I want. Please don't faint or scream, or all my trouble expended in making things comfortable for you will be thrown away. My name is Peters—I am a detective officer. You know a gentleman called Crisp—I see you do. Are engaged to marry him? Just

so. Well, he has been charged—but there, read that please, and pray be as calm as you can." And he put into her hand an early *Globe*, poluting out the report of the proceedings at the Mansion House. "Pray be as calm as you can!"

She went white to the lips as she read, but, save one faint cry when its meaning broke upon her, gave no sign of the demonstrations so much dreaded by the detective.

"Now I'm quite aware, Miss, that you were the lady who was with the accused. If you are implicated"—he did not think after a glance at her face that she was—"you had best say nothing. But if the young man is innocent, you take it very coolly, Miss!"

"And why not?" she cried, indignantly. "Why should I be troubled because a false charge is brought against him. Why——" But then her voice broke, and she cried piteously. "Oh, tell me, sir, how can I help him?"

"First, miss, by telling me all you did on Saturday."

The girl did so and he took note of it.

"Quite so," he said, when he had heard all, "but may I ask if you met by appointment?"

She colored.

"I had a message from him on the Friday morning."

"Verbal or written?"

"Neither. I cannot receive letters here, so when Ernest could take me out on Saturday—his and my half holiday—he would put an advertisement in Friday's *Standard*. It was foolish, perhaps, but Ernest had a fancy to put it in cipher, and I, well"—with a bright blush—"I liked it because it took me longer to read the message."

"Just so! You'll forgive me saying that now I know you are telling me the truth. So will you please explain what that ugly little bit means?"

He handed to her the slip he had shown to Mr. Parkman, and pointed out the words, "I will have rid myself of our worst enemy."

"Yes. We had a silly quarrel. I told him—oh, how could I?—that his temper was his worst enemy and mine. He meant that as a—I mean he wished to apologize and make it up."

"One more question, young lady. What should you say if I told you that Mr. Crisp denied, on his way to the Mansion House this morning, being the author of that?"

"Say!" she cried, fiercely. "I should say I believed him! But still it surprises me. This message begins and ends as he always did. Yet I remember that I thought it odd that he made no reference to this passage on Saturday. And it was strange that though he was half-an-hour after the appointed time, he did not seem aware of it—or say he was sorry.

Peters sat thinking deeply.

"It's a cipher a child could read," he murmured to himself. "And anyone reading previous advertisements could have identified the Ernest very likely. Is it possible that someone having learned, no matter how, his habit of corresponding with this girl, has done this to divert suspicion from himself? Unlikely: but still possible. Do you know, miss," he continued, aloud—"of anyone being acquainted with these cipher messages?"

"Not through me," she answered quickly. "But I remember Ernest saying that young Mr. Parkman knew all about me, and had been very kind. But he cannot have anything to do with it."

"No," the detective answered, briskly; "but he may have told someone else. I must go to Richmond to-morrow or as soon as I can, and ask him. We will lose no time," he added, cheerily. "Your young gentleman shall be free in a day or two. And I hope that then he will teach you a better cipher, miss—or get rid of any necessity for using one."

On the train-car Peters said to himself, "Wanted, someone with two things. Firstly a motive for murdering Critchlow, and secondly, a knowledge, however gained, of the relations between Crisp and this very nice girl. By gad! That is a new idea! Could it be that Critchlow fancied the girl and tried to decoy her there with this bogus message, and was found out and killed by the jealous lover before the girl came! I must consider that. That is a new idea!"

* * * * * *

"Are you engaged to marry the accused?"

This was not the first question put to the witness but it was the first that promised to afford the spectators, who occupied every inch of floor in the justice-room, the slightest return for the trouble they had taken. The city were talking of nothing but the Critchlow tragedy; and even in Cheapside the excitement was plainly visible. Everyone who could win an entrance, and was not engaged elsewhere, was there. It was rumored that the matter was now as clear as the murder was diabolical: and that the young man would certainly be committed for trial to-day. Among the persons pointed at, and scanned and sketched by the crowd in that close green-painted court with the one window and the sky-light, was Mr. Parkman; and close observers noted that his eyes would now and again turn from wandering over the court to cast a look of anxiety, of expectation, almost of dread, towards the door.

But listen. The witness has answered the question bravely.

"I am."

"And he was in the habit of communicating with you by cipher advertisements similar to the one I produce?"

"He was."

"Did he communicate with you by an advertisement appearing in the *Standard* on the Friday before the murder?"

"He did not."

"Were you," said the counsel, smiling, "under the impression, last Saturday, that the advertisement emanated from him?"

"I was. But you must let me explain." And with great steadiness she stated her reasons for so thinking, and what she had understood the message to mean, and why she did not think Ernest the author of it. This caused a great sensation. The strange cipher advertisement was a fact quite new to the general public.

"Do I understand you to think then, Miss Maunder, that the person, whoever he was, who inserted his advertisement was also the murderer?"

"I don't know," she faltered. Then with courage. "Yes, I do think so."

He smiled calmly as he looked round. It was evident he thought nothing of the girl's theory, but believed Crisp to be both author and murderer. Others in court also smiled and shook their heads. Her idea was too complex and far fetched for them. They could not swallow it, in vulgar phrase.

She was taken then through the events of the Saturday afternoon, and examined particularly as to the prisoner's statements about the deceased. Afterwards the solicitor for the defence, well known to be employed by Mr. Parkman, drew from her all that might tell in the prisoner's favor; and then, casting one long, loving look of comfort at her lover, Ethel sat down. She had told the truth; she had perfect trust now in the wisdom of the law.

Two or three unimportant witnesses followed, the medical evidence succeeded these, and then Mr. Parkman was called.

As he took off his glove many sympathizing glances were cast at his handsome figure and grave face. What a trouble and annoyance it must have been to him! What a loss to be deprived of his two chief employes at once! And then how rich he was said to be; and almost fashionable too, for was he not going to be married to the Hon. Sylvestra Hauthaul Even the Lord Mayor could hardly restrain from leaning forward in his great oak chair to look his sympathy.

"The prisoner has been a clerk in the employment of your firm for nearly fourteen years, Mr. Parkhaul?" That was the first question of any interest.

"He has. He has been a most faithful, steady and upright man in all his dealings with us."

This was gallant testimony, but what could it avail against facts. It only evoked a look of warm gratitude from the prisoner. Mr. Parkman then went on to tell what he knew of the differences between Critchlow and the prisoner, and the unfriendly mention of the cashier, which Crisp had made in their last conversation. But he told this so reluctantly that the examining barrister was struck by his bias in the prisoner's favor, and asked him with a smile. "And do you too think that the same person inserted the advertisement and committed the murder?"

The witness paused; it was clear that he had no doubt that his protege was guilty of the one and the other, for he faltered and passed his hand over his brow. Then he said, "I do."

"And so do I," said the counsel dryly, and was about to sit down with that quip in his mouth when there was a bustle at the door. Some glanced that way impatiently, and some expectantly; what was the expression of Mr. Parkman's face, it was hard to say. It was almost a baffled, hunted look that came into his light blue eyes, and the hand which he raised to stroke his moustache scarcely hid an odd contraction of the mouth. The noise ceased as a burly man pushed his way through the crowd to the table. He seemed to be some one of importance, for the counsel caused in the act of sitting down, and lent a willing ear to his whisper. Then a hurried and seemingly exciting conference went on between these two, the solicitor for the defendants and one or two others—so exciting, that expectation was raised to a very high pitch, and at length the Lord Mayor, unable to bear it longer, said, "Have you any more questions for this witness, Mr. Bankworth?"

Thus recalled to himself, Mr. Bankworth rose from his stooping position and seemed to hesitate. Finally he said, with an air of reluctance, "Yes, my lord, I fear I have. Mr. Parkman, did I understand you to give it as your opinion that whoever inserted that advertisement committed this murder?"

A strange pause, then, in an equally strange, hoarse tone, "Yes."

"Is that," holding up a Russia leather blotting case filled with green blotting paper, "the blotting case you use in your library at Richmond?"

It sounded, apart from the sudden production of the case, a harmless question enough. And yet how was it that through all that crowded court every one felt the terrible nature of the silence which followed. Was the ordinary looking case a gorgon's head, that at sight of it the perspiration should spring in great beads to the witness's forehead, and his mouth should writhe in vain, attempts to speak. He couldn't. In the end he only nodded.

"Then can you explain," the lawyer asked solemnly, "how it happens that upon a page of this blotting paper there appears in printed characters a reverse impression of the latter part of this advertisement?"

The crisis had come, the worst had happened; and yet even now some cool, plausible reason might avail him. Now was the time for ready brain and steady pulse. Now—but now all these were wanting! He glared round him for a moment on the sea of faces, gasped wildly at his throat, and fell to the floor of the box in a fit.

Amid a thrill of such sensation as few in that court had ever experienced they bore him out to an adjoining room. But he was dead before they could bring a doctor to him. That moment,—and heaven knows what of bitter anticipation—had been his punishment in this world.

Peters it appeared had gone down to see him at Richmond, and while waiting in the library had in the instinctive pursuit of his profession, turned over the leaves of the blotting book. The cipher caught his eye; but the merchant entered at that moment, it was not until he left for town that Peters could get into the house again, confirm his impression, and with his strange piece of evidence follow to London by a later train.

For a few hours after the merchant's death it seemed one of those motiveless murders that upset all calculations. But among his papers was found the key. He had lost great sums by deep play at a West-end club. His father was then ill, his needs were most pressing. He had already far exceeded his right to draw upon the firm; to get more he deposited forged acceptances. At his father's death the cashier discovered this, and though the junior partner was now able to refund the money, Critchlow held the forgeries *in terrorem* over him. Parkman, secretive yet fierce, took his life.

Of him enough. For Ernest Crisp, he married Ethel three weeks later, and there are already three small Crisps in the nursery, with whom this strange story of the Mansion House justice-room will some day be a household word; and be in their mouths, as it is in those of the justice-room officials, "often remembered."

A Set Of Surprises.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

YOU won't confess it, Adeline, of course; but I think you were just a little smitten with Claud, as of course he was with you. Now, don't say a word by way of protest! Why shouldn't you think my darling brother what he really is—perfection? And how can he help admiring and loving you, who are the nicest, dearest girl in the world! Surely, too, you can forgive me for wishing that the two people I think most of, and love most, should love each other? Oh!" concluded the enthusiastic speaker, in a rapturous tone, and suddenly embracing her friend (whose fair cheek was now flushed with the most becoming rose-tint), "Oh! how happy I shall be when I know that Claud and you are really engaged to each other!"

"I ought to scold you, Helen," murmured the girl she had addressed as Adeline; "I ought to scold, and you make me smile. Your brother and I scarcely know one another. I have seen him twice it is true——"

"Is not that enough to show you that he is charming? and to make him see that you are an angel!" interrupted Helen.

"There is no talking to you," rejoined Adeline, blushing once more; "but" (trying to speak lightly) "I hear the postman's ring, and I hope that his arrival will bring you the letter you expect."

"The letter I expect is from Claud!" exclaimed the impulsive Helen, rising from the breakfast-table in her impatience and running to the door. She was by no means in her first youth, for she was eight-and-twenty, but she was as impetuous as a girl in her teens. Moreover, she was an heiress, owning a good country house and an income of fifteen hundred a year. Her only and adored brother, Claud Willoughby, had an equal income, but he had not inherited a country residence. Having said this by way of explanation, let us see what news the postman brought Miss Willoughby.

Adeline Vere, seated at the breakfast-table, attempting to repress all outward signs of perturbation (caused by her friend's recent remarks) was soon startled by a little cry from Helen.

"Adeline, he has written. Dear boy! Oh! I hope he is coming to stay with me whilst you are here!"

Adeline hoped so too, but she would have died rather than allow Helen to believe that she felt interested in one who was, after all, nearly a stranger to her. Their short acquaintance had been as brief as delightful, and the fair young girl (she was not yet nineteen) still remembered the sad, fond look she had surprised unwittingly fastened on her before he took his farewell. Often had it recurred to her; indeed it dwelt in her memory. Why had he looked so sad if—if he felt something like dawning affection for her? There was nothing to separate them. They were of equal birth and fortune; there were no stern relatives to raise objections, for Adeline was an orphan, left to the care of the most indulgent of guardians.

Our thoughts are so fleet of wing that merely a couple of seconds were consumed whilst the young inexperienced Adeline was occupied by these backward glances: and then she was again startled by another cry from her friend:

"He is coming, Adeline! he will be here to-day—but his few lines are very mysterious. Do read them and tell me what you think they mean."

Adeline, more fluttered than she would have like to confess, took the letter in silence.

"Well?" interrogated Helen, impatiently, as Adeline raised her blue eyes from the paper.

"I—I hardly know what to make of it, Helen," stammered she.

"Isn't it strange?" cried Helen. "Let me read it aloud to you—that may help us to decipher the riddle."

So saying, she took the sheet of note paper from Helen, and read:

"DEAR OLD NELLIE.

"You ask me to come—well, I am coming: but yet I do not know whether you will be glad to see me. Prepare your mind for a great surprise, Nellie—the very greatest! There! are you enlightened? Ever so little? I hope so! To tell you all in this would be too much at once—too much for me. Ah! Nellie! summon up all your indulgence. I do not know if I ought to sign myself the most miserable or the happiest man in the world.

"CLAUD WILLOUGHBY."

"It is very ambiguous!" faltered Adeline, as Helen paused, looking at her earnestly, awaiting her comment on what she had just heard.

"What can he mean?" said Helen, faintly. Adeline made no reply to this; but her sweet blue orbs had grown troubled, and her rose-tinted cheek a shade paler. "Well, Addie," said Helen, "don't let us sit here puzzling over the riddle. Come into the garden and gather some roses. What a pity he has not said by what train he will arrive, then you and I could have driven to the station to meet him!"

"Never mind, Mr. Willoughby will take a fly or walk. You will soon have the answer to the riddle, Nellie, for a few hours will bring the solution. Do let us go into the garden, it is delightful out of doors this morning."

The two ladies got their garden hats and were soon idling away a pleasant half hour among the flowers; but all the time Helen was wondering what her brother intended to convey by his strangely-worded letter, and Adeline was trying to banish a suspicion which took away the beauty of the sunlight and the scent out of the roses.

Presently a footman came hurrying over the lawn towards Miss Willoughby, carrying a yellow envelope upon a silver salver.

"A telegram, ma'am," said he, respectfully.

"It is from Claud! I am sure of it!" cried she, nervously, turning to Adeline.

Hastily she broke open the fastening, and read aloud:

"EXPECT me at four o'clock this afternoon. I shall not be alone. Send to meet me; but do not come yourself. Let my letter enlighten you as to what is coming.

"Adeline, what is going to happen?" faltered Miss Willoughby, now really very much agitated.

"Nothing very terrible, depend upon it," rejoined Adeline, trying to appear at ease and indifferent. "Your brother will be accompanied by a friend, I suppose, and asks you to send to meet him."

"Yes, yes, that is plain enough! But there is something hidden under all this! He tells me not to go to meet him, but to send! I, who have never missed driving down myself to the station to welcome him whenever he chooses to come here!"

"Suppose you drive me somewhere instead, Nellie? That will divert your thoughts from dwelling on this puzzling letter and telegram. Take my advice, and let us go to Bayforth Abbey."

Helen kissed her, and immediately went to order the carriage. It was a long drive to the Abbey. When they returned Claud would perhaps have already arrived.

A pleasant wind; pleasant shade and sunlight combined; sweet scents in the air; flowers clustering against cottage walls; sleek cattle browsing in park and meadow; all contributed their quota to the enjoyment of the excursion. Yet, in reality, both the ladies were glad when it came to an end, and they sighted Helen's lodge gates once more.

"I do believe that Claud has arrived already!" exclaimed Helen, as she perceived an empty fly standing before the hall door.

Adeline could not answer—her heart was beating too fast. Why should she care so much for the issue of this enigma?

Helen barely waited for the carriage to draw up before she jumped from it and ran into the hall.

"Is my brother come, Martin?" asked she, breathlessly, of the servant.

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Willoughby has been here about ten minutes," stammered the man; "and if you please, ma'am, he begged that you would go to him in the library."

"Is he hurt? Has there been an accident?" cried Helen, turning very pale.

"Oh, no, ma'am! Mr. Claud seems very well," rejoined Martin.

"Then why does he not come to me?" exclaimed she. "Adeline, come with me! I am quite unnerved! Oh, do not refuse!" added she, as Adeline drew back.

They reached the library, and it was Adeline who opened the door for her friend to enter.

One glance explained all. Claud, her handsome, distinguished brother, but now ill at ease, and surely, sorrowful, was standing in front of the fire-place, and, seated in a lounging-chair, was a very pert-looking young lady.

Helen's eyes strayed from one to the other; but she did not, could not speak.

"Helen, forgive me for surprising you like this," said Claud, in a faltering voice; "but the thing is done. I—I was married this morning. Let me present my—wife."

"Claud! Who is she? Why was I not told?" stammered Helen.

As for Adeline, she had sunk out of sight upon a seat behind a screen almost at the entrance.

"Married! you married, Claud, and to a

stranger?" murmured Helen, rapidly changing color.

"Yes, married!" exclaimed the young lady, now rising from the lounging-chair and coming a step forward. "I am Mrs. Claud Willoughby; and if I didn't bring no money into the family, at least"—with a shrill vulgar laugh—"at least I have brought some good looks! My face is my fortune, as the old song says!"

Helen could not say a word. Yes, it was true enough that the girl he had so rashly wedded was pretty enough;

"But when she spoke she charmed no more—
Their admiration all was o'er."

Vulgarity, flippancy were already discernible in Claud's bride.

"'Tain't nothing to be so flabbergasted at, ma'am!" said the new Mrs. Willoughby, plucking up a spirit of self-assertion when she perceived how far from welcome was her presence to her husband's sister. "Many a man has done worse; and I can dress to look well in any company!"

Unhappy Claud! What had he done to bring such a bride to such a sister? Regrets, reproaches, were, however, unavailing, and so the bride appeared to think, for presently she spoke again:

"Well, Miss Willoughby, ain't you a-going to give us somethin' to eat after our long journey? 'Tisn't quite the way to welcome a new-married pair is it, now? I'm hungary, I can tell you, and shan't be a bit sorry when 'tis dinner-time!"

Thus apostrophized, Miss Willoughby rose in her most stately manner, collected herself with a mighty effort, and said, coldly, to her brother,

"You must forgive me for feeling altogether so surprised at this sudden step that I was forgetful of the duties of hospitality. Dinner shall be hastened. But again I must ask you to excuse me if I dine in my own room with my friend Miss Vere," and so saying, she made a step to leave the apartment.

"Oh, Helen, forgive me!" murmured Claud, who looked unmistakably wretched.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Claud Willoughby.

"Come, Adeline!" gasped Helen.

At this moment the hall-bell rang violently, and before Helen could cross the hall she was confronted by a gentleman whom she recognized as the family solicitor—an elderly, gentlemanly personage, grave, and of an aspect calculated to inspire confidence.

"Oh, Mr. James!" cried Helen, clasping his hand.

And as she stood there, almost speechless with agitation, the unhappy Adeline following and remaining at her side, she was aware that Claud and his bride had come out into the hall, and that the gaze of their legal friend Mr. James was riveted upon the ill-matched pair.

"My dear Miss Willoughby," said the lawyer, calmly, "let me speak a word to your brother alone. You have had agitation sufficient for one day, as I can well divine, for I am aware of Mr Willoughby's hasty marriage. Let me persuade you to withdraw."

"Do not seek to send me away now that you are here," pleaded Helen. "Let me hear what you have to say about my unhappy brother."

"No, no!—afterwards—not now! It might give you a shock," urged Mr. James.

"Nothing else can give me a shock now!" said Helen, in despair.

The kind old lawyer whispered something to her, but she was too much engrossed by her own misery to catch the purport of his hurried words, and now Claud and his wife advanced.

"Before you say a word, Mr. Willoughby," said the lawyer, addressing the bridegroom, "I must ask you if you heard the serious rumor in the City yesterday as to the insolvency of Frith's banking-house? Later in the day those rumors were increased, and—How shall I communicate the rest?"

"You need not do so, Mr. James. I learn the worst from your manner, your look—I am a beggar, or nearly so. That is what you are come to tell me."

Mr. James preserved a dead silence.

"What!" shrieked the bride, brandishing one arm in the air in her excitement. "What!—have I married no fortune after all? Is that true, I say? Is that true?"

"Ask Mr. James. Heaven knows I could not have foreseen this?" groaned Claud, pale as death.

"And you're a beggar—a beggar?" she repeated frantically, with scorn.

"I am afraid so!" he said, hardly able to articulate.

"You've lost your money?" screamed she. "From what right had you to deceive me? What right had you to marry me? Eh?—tell me that?" and the enraged bride actually snapped her fingers in her bridegroom's face.

Claud maintained a despairing silence.

"Oh! what a shame!" continued she, throwing off all pretences in her rage and vexation. "What a shame! I might have married that rich widower, old Mr. Burton, the brewer, and had my carriage to ride in! What now?" And once more she snapped her plump fingers in her husband's face. "I wish I could have the marriage broken off—that I do!" concluded she, now crimson with passion.

"You regret your marriage with Mr. Willoughby, ma'am?" said the lawyer, turning to the bride.

"What's that to you!" returned she. "Regret's not the word for it, as I can tell ye! I married him for his money, and so I tell him to his face! Oh, if I was free of him, and could but wed the brewer now!"

"You hear that, Mr. Willoughby?" said Mr. James. "Are you cured of your infatuation?"

"Too late!" groaned Claud—"too late!"

"Madam," resumed the lawyer, "part of your wish will be realized. You will be free of Mr. Willoughby."

"Shall I?—shall I really now?" cried she, with evident delight.

"You will," repeated Mr. James; "but I am afraid your marriage with the rich, elderly brewer cannot legally be solemnized, as your first husband, Anthony Pocklett, is still alive, still seeking his runaway wife. He came to my office for help in his inquiries, and I thus learned, on the eve of Mr. Willoughby's wedding-day, your true position."

But his explanation did not reach the ears of the *soi-disant* Mrs. Willoughby. She caught at a hall-chair for support, and was half insensible as she fell into it. But Claud, and Helen, and Adeline! what glad surprise rushed into Helen's countenance! what rapture of freedom reigned in that of Claud! while Adeline turned away her face lest too much joy should be read there.

Mr. James hastily rang the bell, and a servant entered, ushering in a young man, whose agitated face turned with a tenderness conflicting with other feelings towards the inanimate visible figure in the chair.

"Annie!" he said, "Annie, look up! I am your husband, Anthony."

But Annie would not look up. She was caught in the toils at last; and selfish and erring as she was, experienced some shame and fear at being thus suddenly confronted by her outraged husband whom she deserted two years ago. But all her arts could not undo the fact that she was Anthony's wife, not Claud's—that Claud was free, and that she could not remain there, in Miss Willoughby's house, much longer.

"Sir," said Helen, finding voice, and looking up "my servants will give you all possible assistance in removing your wife; but I must beg that she will quit my roof at once!"

Upon this Mrs. Anthony recovered sufficiently to send forth a volley of spiteful words, and was led out of the hall by her too-forgiving husband.

Claud, Helen, Adeline, and Mr. James were alone. Claud had sunk upon a chair, his face buried in his hands. His sister hurried up to him, saying:

"Look up, dear brother. You are delivered! Surely you cannot grieve after that virago. Thank Heaven that you are no longer bound with such a chain!"

"From my heart!" exclaimed the young man. "Oh, Nellie, even in my poverty, in the loss of nearly all I possessed, I rejoice!"

"Heaven bless my soul, my dear boy," broke in the lawyer. "I forgot, in the depth of my joy at your freedom, to inform you that I was merely practising a little ruse in repeating grave rumors which were afloat in the City yesterday—rumors which are happily without the slightest foundation save that of a wicked hoax. Frith's bank is sound. You are still a rich man. But I purposely began by telling you—in a diplomatic fashion I confess—of the rumors in order to open your eyes as to the true nature of that woman's feeling for you. Has my ruse been of any avail? Are you disenchanted?"

Claud struggled to find voice, but the force of his emotions held him voiceless for awhile. Then he spoke:

"Disenchanted? Mr. James, Helen, Miss Vere, I want you all to be assured that a mistaken sense of honor, a hasty promise, made me wed that woman—not affection. When I was thrown from my horse in the hunting-field last season, and carried to her father's farm, I was unavoidably laid under obligations to her; and as convalescence came she made me believe that idle tongues had been busy with her good name, which was lost if I did not marry her. You know that we are both so impulsive, Nellie. One day, believing she had learned to adore me, I spoke the fatal words I have repented ever since so bitterly. I could not tell you my intention. I was like a man possessed; for oh, Nellie, the remembrance of another woman, fair, refined, angelic, was ever present with me. I am saved, but as if by a miracle!"

"Yes, yes, my dear boy," said the lawyer, "indeed it seems little short of a miracle that could send that poor deluded husband to ask, at our office, advice as to the way of seeking out his wife who had deserted him. You had just communicated to me your mad resolve, and the plan I adopted immediately suggested itself. The next time you ask a lady's hand in marriage, consult me—consult me!"

* * * * * *

I have only to add, reader, that after all, Claud did not consult the kind old lawyer when, at length he made another matrimonial proposal. He asked counsel only of his own heart.

One summer evening, under the old beech-tree at the lodge—Helen's residence—he lured the fair young Adeline from his sister's side, and found himself alone with her sweet presence and his own great love.

"Do you know why I have brought you here?" whispered he, fondly, passionately. "Oh, Adeline, if you could forget my old folly and give me ever so small a portion of your pure heart, what infinite rapture would be mine!"

"Not a small portion, but all—all!" she murmured as they looked into each other's eyes, and he drew her to his breast.

THE Emperor of China never uses the first personal pronoun, but always speaks of himself as the "Solitary Man." The expression is only used in a figurative sense, as indicating the unapproachable grandeur of the Son of Heaven.

An Ideal Husband.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

LOUISA Leonard resolved to take to herself a husband, and she would waste herself whole hours in portraying, in imagination, the lover who was to be the object of her wishes.

She believed, with Goldsmith, that "the more contrast there is in the characters of a husband and wife, the more union there is in their harmonion."

Louisa's husband was to be tall, of fair complexion, with blue eyes and languishing; she would rather have him poor than rich; a lover of study and retirement; a profound thinker, and, in one word, a philosopher—for this name did not terrify her.

Louisa was a little brunette, extremely lively, even to a degree of giddiness, and extravagantly fond of public entertainments and spectacles. As she was left in possession of an ample fortune by the recent death of her parents, she had it in her power to indulge in all the noisy pleasures of town. An old aunt had her under her protection.

Louisa sought the lover, the ideal of whom she had formed in her imagination, wherever she went; but none of the men she met in society perfectly resembled this creature of her fancy. One was, indeed, tall; but he was, like her, too much inclined to plumpness, and like her, also, too much addicted to laugh; another was, it is true, of a serious character, but, like her he was not tall, and, like her, too, was of a dark complexion.

Unfortunately, the man who, of all others, according to her system, appeared the least adapted to please her was precisely him whom she would have preferred, had she listened to her own heart. He seemed absolutely to have studied levity of manners, and his conversation was an exquisite mixture of pleasant anecdotes, lively sallies of wit, and prompt repartee.

"What a pity," she would say, "that Edward Vavasour is of a character so light and frivolous! He is extremely amiable; but how would it be possible to live with a person so giddy and thoughtless? We should both need to have guardians to take care of us. Besides, he has light hair. It must not be. I shall avoid him. This very evening, at a ball where he is to be, I shall refuse to dance with him; I shall scarcely even look at him."

She thus communed with herself as she sat down before the pianoforte, while her fingers ran over the keys mechanically.

In the evening, at the ball, she forgot her resolution, and danced with no one but him. It is true, when she came home she was ready to weep with vexation, to think that she should have acted so contrary to her determination.

"I am destined, then," she exclaimed, "to love a man who must necessarily render me unhappy!"

The next day her old aunt sent for her. She held a letter in her hand.

"My dear Louisa," she began, "a gentleman, whose family I highly esteem, and who is not destitute of fortune, Edward Vavasour, wishes to be united to you in marriage. I thought it scarcely possible that you should make any objection, and I have almost promised him your hand."

"But, aunt, this gentleman——"

Louisa blushed, turned pale, and again changed color.

"What! do you mean to refuse him?"

"I do not say that; but he has so much gayety and gild—ness."

"Well, I certainly did not expect such an objection from you!" said her aunt. "And pray how long have you been so solid and prudent? Is this all the objection you make to your intended husband? Go and prepare to marry Edward Vavasour!"

Louisa had been accustomed to obey her aunt. She was her benefactress, and her second mother. She made no reply, but thought within herself she would soon convince Vavasour of the error they would both commit in marrying each other.

She found an opportunity the same day, when Vavasour presented himself to know whether the offer he had made had been accepted.

He found Louisa walking pensively under some trees in the garden.

She trembled all over when she saw him; and he, notwithstanding his usual confidence, was not a little agitated.

He asked her with a stammering voice, whether he might flatter himself that he should soon become the happiest of mortals.

"Why do you talk of happiness?" said Louisa. "Can we ever expect to enjoy happiness together? Oh, let us renounce the thought of such a union!"

"Louisa," said Vavasour, with much emotion, "was I, then, deceived when I thought you distinguished me among the multitude of admirers by whom you were surrounded?"

"Alas! I cannot forgive myself. I do justice to your good qualities, believe me, sir; but I do not see between us those harmonies which arise from——"

She was about to say certain contrasts, but she was ashamed, and did not finish the sentence.

"What!" exclaimed Vavasour; "have we not the same tastes, the same manners, the same mode of thinking! It is this which has so much pleased me in you, and has made me wish for ever to unite my fate to yours. Louisa, render me not the most wretched of men. You must be mine, or I shall leave this country for ever. Do you, then, hate me?" added he, pressing her hand against his heart.

"Far from it," said Louisa, whose heart was full, and who could scarcely support herself. "I resist my inclination when I refuse——"

A tear moistened her eyes, and she could not speak without an effort.

The aunt appeared.

"You see you love him, my poor Louisa," said she. "Come, come, what I requested in the morning, in the evening I shall command!"

Louisa made no answer, but submitted to be led as a victim to the altar.

The wedding was celebrated in the most brilliant manner.

Let us see what was the future of the newly-married pair.

The first month after marriage Vavasour applied himself to establish order and regularity in his house. The duties of all who resided in it were prescribed to them; and the business of his wife was to superintend, and see that these duties were performed.

She smiled at entering on this new employment; and Vavasour occasionally reminded her pleasantly of what he considered her duties.

She fulfilled them with the greatest exactness, for she wished to please him, and soon she found a pleasure in performing them, as is, in fact, always the case in the natural course of things.

In the second month, Vavasour rarely took his wife to public assemblies or private balls. He likewise received much company at home, confining himself to a few friends of mature age, and of grave and rather reserved characters. Louisa, though she was fond of public entertainments, and all the show and bustle of fashionable life, scarcely perceived the reform that was being made, because her husband was to her instead of everything.

Her love for him increased every day. Before marriage he had appeared to her only amiable; she was now convinced that he deserved her highest esteem.

How much more dear did he become to her when she perceived that she might hope soon to produce his likeness, himself, and with what transport did she receive this information!

One day Vavasour said to his wife, "My dear Louisa, a mother should devote herself entirely to the education of her children. How shall you be able, amid the pleasures that surround you, to appropriate all your time and attention to the care of the innocent and lovely being of which you shall soon become the mother? Are you willing to pass a few years in the rural retirement which was left me by my father?"

Louisa hesitated a moment, but soon consented to live in the country.

Equally delighted and surprised at the happiness she enjoyed, she would sometimes say, "This cannot last; we resemble each other too much."

One evening, as they were sitting on the grass on the bank of a small river which crossed their park, they talked of their love and courtship before marriage.

"How much have your character and tastes altered! What has become of the lively, the elegantly-trifling, the apparently thoughtless Edward Vavasour? You are no longer——"

"What I appeared to you," said Vavasour, interrupting her, "I wished to please in society, and I assumed the tone and manners which appeared to me proper to procure success. When I became acquainted with the amiable and giddy Louisa, I found it necessary, the more nearly to resemble her, to redouble my frivolity. But when I returned again to myself I laid aside my mask and my theatrical habit, as an actor does behind the scenes, and resumed my reason. My dear Louisa, know that in me nothing was real, not even my person."

At these words, Louisa surveyed him with some astonishment, and even with some degree of alarm.

"Your person, Edward!"

"Was not precisely the same appearance as at present," replied Vavasour, smiling at the disquietude of his wife. "Look at me, my dear. Do not my hair and eyebrows appear less dark than they formerly did? It is because I have long since ceased to tinge them with a liquor which changed their too feeble color to one more masculine and prominent, and which appeared to me to give more of character to my figure. I blush to think of my former coquetry, and I now leave nature to reassume her rights."

At this last communication, Louisa threw herself into the arms of her husband.

"I know not why I loved you so much," cried she. "It was because you really resembled me in nothing. I am now cured of all my idle fears, and certain of being happy the rest of my life, so true is it that philosophers have made some discoveries."

Vavasour requested his wife to explain herself, and after having heard her with attention said, "I shudder to think of it, but your belief in these new of contrasts might have prevented you from ever becoming my wife."

"See the danger of systems!"

"And of disguises!" replied Louisa.

If Your Cough Is Growing More Troublesome,

If you are losing flesh and strength, and are beginning to have night-sweats or any of the well-known and alarming symptoms that indicate pulmonary trouble, write to Drs Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St. Philadelphia, stating your case clearly, and ask their opinion as to your condition, and whether they have treated similar cases with their Compound Oxygen. It will cost you nothing as they make no charge for consultations. They will, at the same time, if they reply to your inquiries, furnish you with numerous notes and reports of cases as will enable you to determine whether in your own case a cure is possible.

Our Young Folks.

A LEAP FOR A LIFE.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

"HOLD there; what are you doing, you young brutes?"

"We ain't no brutes no more'n you; and it ain't no business of yours what we're doing." So the defiance was spoken.

"Aren't you? And isn't it my business? I'll let you see!"

Harry Henley leaped down the high embankment in double quick time. He was one of the most quick-tempered, impulsive, generous lads in Beckton school, and many such were numbered among its pupils. Perchance they gathered high-souled, noble promptings from their surroundings—hill and dale, crag and waterfall, nestling as they did on the very verge of Wales.

The aggressors, if I may so term them, were two ill-looking lads, Bill Jinks and Phil Jones, known to Harry as no'er-do-wells, who were worrying and badgering a mite of a kitten, by setting a dog upon her. They were on the border of Old Man's Pool, a dark, dismal swamp of unknown depths, meandering away to a used-up stone quarry, and lost among uncanny holes and caverns.

"Well, now, we'll see whose business it is!" and the intruder planted himself in front of the two, while the dog snarled, and the kitten uttered a plaintive mew, looking into the lad's face as if hailing a deliverer. At this Harry's heart waxed hot within him, and he made a dive at her, and snatched her from her fate. A homely tabby specimen of kittenhood was she, but something helpless to be defended; so the lad gathered her to him. At this proceeding, her canine tormenter snapped at Harry's trowsers, with a view of making war with his legs.

"Back!" he cried, giving him a stroke with his stick. "Though you two deserve it more than he."

"We two'll show you a thing, if ye don't be off, young sir!"

"Ha! do you threaten me—two to one?" Harry laughed a derisive laugh.

"Give us back our rightful property."

"Phew! rightful property indeed! What right had you with the kitten at all?"

"We were going to drown her, after we'd had some fun with her and Jerry."

"Shame on you! Well, your fun is over."

The tall, slim lad turned to climb up to his eminence again, but two hands were laid on his shoulders.

"Come, hands off!"—he shook himself free by the force of right; nay, a back-handed blow sent Bill Jinks sprawling on the ground. Then the youth mounted up with his small foundling nestling under his jacket.

"I'll be even with ye!" Bill Jinks shouted after him.

"Threaten away! I'm not going to see a life suffer or lost for want of stretching out a hand to save it."

The lad was above in the sunlight now, his fine face all aglow.

"Ye're a chicken-hearted spoil-sport!" These were the words which the echoes carried up to him, and brought a ringing laugh down to the two at the pool.

* * * * * *

The rescue of the kitten was in July; but its counterpart, so to speak, was to crown the coming new year. A jolly time was that of the togathering at Beckton school. But a cold, uncongenial month was January to all save school-boys. The first holiday at Beckton was devoted to the inspiring game of "hare and hounds"—"to get their mettle up," so said Harry Henley, who was always first and foremost at all out-of-door sports. He and Frank Rodney were to be hares. It was a pleasant night, that glowing clamorous meet of boys of all ages; the very air seemed to laugh at their fun and nonsense! And then away vaulted those two lithe, manly boys of fourteen—away and away to have the start of their pursuers. Now diving, now doubling, now scurrying over brown, trodden fields, strewing their tell-tale paper as they went! How the two exulted! How their pursuers clamored and laughed, like a pack of talkative hounds; now losing scent, now on the paper-strewn track! Oh! what a glorious hunt it was proving to be.

Ha! the hares had given them the go-by. Where were they?—what doing? Their trail was all mixed medley. What were the fellows doing? Ah! the two fleet hares were on the edge of the disused quarry, above that dark, meandering swamp below. They gave a shout of defiance to their followers, when lo! a scream answered them which almost made the blood curdle in their veins. It came from the quarry. In a nightmare of horror they peered over. There—there, down the rugged quarry side, on a shelving rock half way down, lay a boy; he screamed again at sight of their white, scared faces peeping over—nay, words came now.

"If ye have any kindness in ye, save me!"

Harry Henley's heart gave a great bound—it was Bill Jinks, he who had defied him in the kitten escapade.

"I know ye, Master Henley. Ye saved a kitten's life; don't ye let me lie here and topple over like a stone. Oh! I lost my footing and fell." How the lad's tongue babbled on while Harry started here and there in a maze of bewilderment!

How could he save him, and why? Because all that was noble in him bade him do his best, and trust in God.

"I said I'd be even with ye, and ye said ye'd never keep back a hand from saving a life in danger," cried the poor pleading tongue below.

"I think I could clamber down a good way, and leap across to him," said Harry to his companion.

"But t'would be like taking your life in your hands and throwing it away," returned the other.

Then they thought of a better place for the descent farther round, and fled like the wind there.

"Strew the paper, Rodney; let the pack of them know where we are," cried Harry, while the words, "I'll be with you," floated down the quarry's side, among all the laughing echoes.

And now, with bated breath, the descent began. Harry stepped over. The voices of his companions, in full cry, stole up to him; life was very sweet to him, now he was to make this leap for life, and, may-hap, to lose it and his own. Poor, mad boy, when with him how would he save him? Ha! he has taken the perilous leap, and is by Bill's side! Frank, watching from above, sees him take the belt from his waist and fasten it on Bill's—now with grip of iron he holds him by it. Ho, ho! he is mounting up, like a very giant, the other compelled to do likewise by the very force of his will. There is no leaping up, there was leaping down, but Hanley digs his fingers into the crevices of the quarry-side, and up, still up they come, with that dark swamp meandering below. Frank lends them a hand at last, and they are landed safely. Harry faints like a very girl, noble lad! It was a white-faced, silent figure around which the whole pack of would-be hounds clamored, shouting his praises to the passing winds.

"I'm even with you now, Master Hanley; 'twill be some'at atween us till our dying day. Ye have two lives now, mine and your own."

"And best, God's who saved us," was the solemn answer.

"Twere a near shave, Master Hanley, and 'twere that as made ye save the kitten as helped ye to do it."

"Yes, I'd never hear the weak and helpless cry in vain—but 'twas a very leap for a life. I'm thankful I did it, though!"

Thus the two communed, going home alone, Rodney and his merry companions far away.

THE PLAYFELLOW.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN a village mill, beside a fall of water, on the edge of a great forest, there once lived a boy whose name was Perillo. He thought the mill was in the skies, because it stood so high that it was sometimes lost in the clouds; and because it shone like the sun, from the first narrow rays of dawn till darkness fell on the flashing panes of the mill-window, and the neighbourly stars looked in.

The mill-sails rose wheeling and circling, high above a plot of beautiful green turf, and the mill looked down on the perpetual changes of the hill-side, where brown ribs of earth, laid bare by the plough, turned to tender green, or gold, according to the season.

Meantime, the mill turned too; a year rolled by, and one day a Playfellow was given to Perillo. She was always veiled. Summer and winter, night and day, her veil shrouded her from head to foot.

No one knew her name or who she was, except the boy's mother, and the kind old person, and Bridget, the old apple-woman, who always gave an apple over, and sometimes two, to her poorest customers.

The villagers, great and small, for want of a better, gave her the name of the Playfellow; and it was a strange thing that where her little shadow fell, other shadows faded away. Her veil was curiously like a cloud, grey, and at times thick and dark; at others it was fleecy white and shining.

People disputed about its texture and appearance, for it was of as many hues as the eyes that looked at it; to some merry people it had a silver lining, while others would stoutly declare it was black. But the Playfellow's gentle presence was always welcome, although she shunned grief; for, if a baby died, or a young son went to sea, it was long before she showed herself in the cottage he had left.

When the old people were carried to their last home, she would stay within doors while the church-bell sounded; but it was never long before she made her appearance among those whom the dead had preceded. She was never coaxed into the mayor's house, though he was rich and gave the finest feasts in the town; his temper was thorny and contentious, and she hid herself when he went by.

But her little figure was rarely absent from Perillo's side. Hand in hand the Playmates wandered for miles into the forest; and if Perillo's mother smiled it was only when she saw the two children together, or when the little Playfellow's face was turned to hers. She was a widow, and very poor; but she worked hard, and the days flew so fast that she had no time to be unhappy.

One day, the children went into the forest. They rambled over the rocks in the fragrant air of the fir-trees, gathering wild raspberries and decking themselves with shining brown sprays of bramble.

They passed the gaunt church, its tower half eaten away by time, and stopped with boards to keep the wind out; the empty doors and windows staring vacantly, as if the spirit of devotion that once dwelt within had mouldered and wasted away before the body perished.

The tombstones were so thick that they touched the parson's window, their sunk and twisted forms among the springing grass telling their own tale of the decayed affection of those who raised them.

The children loved to play where a hawthorn grew close beneath an elm-tree, and spread its cool, green tent, all inlaid with flat bunches of silver blossom.

They could hear nothing for the rapid rushing of the mill-stream, sometimes not their own voices; and the boy would gaze at the pool until he saw into an underworld, with every twig and little flower shining on the surface, and he longed to thrust aside the branches and see the wood-land fairies at play in the hunt of the water-sprites.

"Here are piles of fairy-money," said Perillo, and he broke off silver pieces of hawthorn, and gold from the buttercup. "But such money is no good against a rainy day. It is for fair weather, and is only to be made when the sun shines in springtime. Do you remember the story of Danae and the shower of gold? Watch the elm-trees. They look as if they had caught a shower of emeralds in their arms and on their branches."

The Playfellow laughed at such a far-fetched fancy, and shook her head.

"I like to see the trees lean their branches together," she said; "for then I think they are happy. Is not happiness better than emeralds, and even than fairy-money?"

She took the flowers in her hand and they guttered as if they were enchanted. This strange child gave beauty to everything she touched, if it were only two or three blossoms from the hedge. Suddenly, a tall ship came sailing by; it was on a canal quite inland by high, flowery banks, and the children wondered to see it, as it advanced at a fairy pace under the high trees.

"Oh, what a beautiful brown sail!" cried Perillo. "See how the mast is bending to the elm-trees. Perhaps they grew together once upon a time; who knows?"

"It comes out to tempt us into the wide world," said the Playfellow, and she shivered and turned away.

The boy laughed, and ran to get flowers,—the rosy blossom of the garden may; the tall, golden heads of the flags that grew in the stream; clustering chestnut flowers; and in the nosegay there were one or two ghostly blossoms of the rank hemlock among heads of grass like plumes, as the hemlock loves to grow.

"Fie! these are funeral flowers," said the Playfellow, and she let them fall. "Look at the country under us, like Joseph's coat of many colors. The river is silver, the wheat is gold; there is a patch of purple clover; the grass is like velvet, and so are the trees. Why not be satisfied?" said the Playfellow, who could read his thoughts.

But the boy shook his head.

"I must look for happiness," he answered. "It is not to be found in tree and grass. I have hands which I must use, and a mind which I cannot change. It tells me to go out into the wide world, and I must go. But whatever happens, dear little sister," he said, taking her by the hand, "I shall never forget you."

"There is work to be done here, Perillo," said the Playfellow. "Be contented, and you will find happiness more easily at home than away."

And she smiled on him so brightly that the sun seemed to shine behind her veil.

But Perillo was restless, eager, and inquiring, and the time came when the quiet of the village grew so irksome that he set off into the wide world to seek for happiness.

It was night; the stars shone through the trees like sparkling points of fire, till the forest seemed filled with myriads of Christmas-trees, each hung with one or more celestial lights. The trees shook their heads and waved their arms in vain.

Perillo went on. The stream ran by, with trees and stars shining in its depths; and its surface wrinkled as he passed till he could hardly see himself for its displeasure.

The mill groaned loudly as it turned, flapping its huge sailing wings in such a savage fashion that Perillo remembered the tale of an eagle which carried away an infant in its claws to feed its young and he flew past in terror lest the mill should descend from its post and whirl him to atoms.

So he hurried on in spite of the long dark shadows which surrounded him; and he did not know that with every step he went further from happiness.

* * * * * *

At last, after travelling many a weary mile, he came home. The country was strewn with gold and silver as he had left it. There was the fairyland of his childhood. Small bright red apples hung in the trees like rubies with leaves of emerald, upon a sapphire sky.

The hops had clambered to the tops of their poles and reached over green curving sprays, each towards its neighbor. Water-lilies and bull-rushes were out in the pond which was overhung by the milky blossoms of the meadow-sweet. The crops rose as high as the knee of a life-like scarecrow, in mute witness of its virtues.

The sky grew dark as he watched the scene, and the thought of his little Playfellow stole once more into his heart. It began to rain. The water came down in slanting lines like strokes in a copy-book, and the smooth, shining ponds were speckled with rain-drops, which pattered on the leaves with a sound like the clapping of myriads of fairy hands.

At last the dark clouds parted and swept away in a long train over a background of silver-grey; and the mill turned its four-sailed wheel over and under till the grist came, which is like the work of fortune.

The sharp furrows in the valley were blotted out in twilight, as the light died away on the slopes, but collected itself after the storm and brightened on the hill-top, where the mill stood straight in front of the setting sun, showing its dark body and wheeling sails on a sphere of beaten gold.

Perillo saw the door open and a slight figure advance. By her floating steps, even more than by the floating veil about her, he recognized his little Playfellow; but although she was taller, the fine delicate outline was even lighter and more delicate than before. As he gazed, for the first time he saw her face shining through her bright veil, and he held his hands out to her, knowing he had found happiness at last; and yet he trembled because the mill was so far above him that it seemed to touch the sky.

The villagers flocked to their doors, and as they looked, the dazzling snow-white form, once so familiar and domestic, became a fading shadow and slowly floated away into thin wreaths which mingled with the clouds of the sunset. It was the spirit of Happiness, and the villagers knew it as she left them. At last, no shape remained, but near the mill a sunbeam lay and lingered until Bridget, the old apple-woman, came and laid her cloak upon it like a pall.

"Happiness will return to-morrow with the rising sun," said the villagers. And that is why every morning on awakening we look for her, forgetting this is not her home, nor ours.

A SAILOR-BOY'S PLUCK.—It is not often a lad of sixteen distinguishes himself for promptitude and bravery as one of the cadets on board the school-ship *Conway* did a short time ago.

Down off the Cheshire coast the river runs like a mill race, and one dark night in winter, as the *Conway's* dingey was preparing to leave the shore, one of her oarsmen was so unfortunate as to get his arm crushed against the stone jetty, which rendered him unfit for rowing, and, as the dingey's crew consisted of but two oarsmen and a coxswain, the loss was a serious one, as the disabled boy was put in the bows and the coxswain had to take his place, thus leaving the boat without guidance, and almost at the mercy of the current.

As the boat neared the ship, all on board eagerly strained their eyes to mark how she would surmount the difficult matter of getting alongside, for, as everybody knows, the suction from beneath the ship causes the water to flow more heavily there than farther away, and the gangway was almost obscured by the seas that were dashing over it; moreover, the boat needed both a nice eye and a steady nerve to secure the painter and make fast, neither of which could be done with the coxswain at the oars and an almost helpless boy in the bows.

The captain gave up all hope when he saw them approaching at a speed which would soon carry the little craft far beyond the gangway, and out of reach of all assistance of those on board the ship; but as he was anxiously trying to devise some means for stopping its dangerous course, the difficulty was suddenly solved by a young lad at his side, who, undeterred by the certain death which would be his should he miss his aim, leapt instantaneously, as the dingey shot past, into the coxwain's place, and, seizing the tiller, was able, after a hard struggle, to keep her within reach of the man-rope which was, of course, thrown out to them, thus, by his prompt and brave action, saving the lives of three of his school-fellows, and winning for himself the well merited praise of his captain and his comrades.

A JAPANESE GIRL'S TOILET.—In making her toilet for the day, she first puts on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright-colored crape or silk. A long straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied round the waist, and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fulness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down.

The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk, and fastened behind a very large bow. When these are all on, but barefooted, or if in cool weather in white mitten socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say 'Ohaio,' or good morning, to her father and mother.

A WEYBRIDGE (MASS.) husband was recently married on the instalment plan, agreeing to pay the officiating clergyman $1 a week for five weeks, and meeting the successive payments with punctuality and enthusiasm.

AN OLD LETTER.

BY KATIE M. LUCK.

Only a letter,
Yellow and dim with age:
Wistfully gazing,
I hold the torn old page.

Only a token
From one who loved me well;
The faded writing
Scarce the fond words can tell.

Only a letter,
Yet dearer far to me
Than all else beside,
Minding me, love, of thee.

Only a letter,
Yellow and old and torn;
On my heart it lies,
Now I am old and worn.

Only a message,
Tender and true and sweet,
The writer long dead—
Never again we meet.

Only a letter,
Hid in an oaken chest:
Close, close to my heart,
When I am laid to rest!

OF ANCIENT SCHOOLS.

IT is not recorded that the twelve sons of Jacob ever went to school. If they did, the range of their studies must have been very limited. This may be said of all the boys who lived on the earth some centuries ago.

Look at the education of an ancient Greek; at the education of one of the most celebrated Athenians; a man living in the most refined and intellectual society; himself, bodily and mentally, the perfect type of his splendid race; an eloquent and powerful speaker, a most capable commander, by sea and land—look at the education of Alcibiades! When Socrates gave the list of things that Alcibiades had learned, Alcibiades could add to it no other even nominal accomplishment; and what a meagre, short catalogue it was! "Thou hast learned, then, thy letters, to play on the guitar and to wrestle, for thou hast not cared to learn to play the flute." The *letters* which he had learned meant simply reading and writing. Even this accomplishment could not have been taught in the schools at a period somewhat earlier than the time of Alcibiades. It is probable that schools existed before the spoken language had been reduced to a written form, and when, of course, there were no such thing as books.

This was the case with the Peruvians, who had an elaborate common school system, under the direction of the government, before they had any written language.

The alphabet, which was an invention of the Phœnicians, was the product of an advanced civilization, and many other arts had reached a considerable degree of perfection before the art of writing had advanced beyond the hieroglyphic and pictorial sign. The original Hebrew letters were only rude drawings of certain objects which gave them their names. A school without text books of any sort might be very popular with indolent boys and girls, but it would be considered in our day a very strange institution.

In the palmy days of Greece, information was conveyed and philosophy taught, for the most part, by oral instruction. Talking was the great thing then, as, in some quarters it is now. Only a few centuries ago the number of people who knew how to read and write was very limited. Many a lordly baron was obliged to sign state papers with the sign of the cross, because he was not able to write. The old phrase, "Given under my sign and seal," indicates that the signee was not competent to write his own name.

Even after books, or manuscripts, which were the only kind of books that existed four hundred years ago, as is indicated by the term volume (*volutum*, rolled up like a scroll), there was no such thing to be studied as grammar.

Plato was the first person to detect the distinction between the noun and the verb, and this was the foundation of grammatical science. The earliest regular grammar was compiled by Dionysius Thrax, for the use of his pupils in Rome, only eighty years before the Christian era. Before his time, schoolboys were never puzzled by the study of "orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody," and I doubt whether Master Thrax was up to all the tortuosities and ramifications of grammar which distress the minds of our young people.

Arithmetic comes next to reading and writing in our modern schools, but the ancients were not much at figures, as is seen in the free and easy way in which numbers are treated by the writers of antiquity. The numerical variations that are found in the Old Testament are easily explained by the fact that the Hebrews had no system of notation or mode of distinguishing numbers except by little dots and scratches, which were liable to become confused with each other.

The Roman use of capital letters for this purpose, which still prevails to some extent, as, for instance, in the headings of chapters and the designation of time, would make the "doing of examples" on a slate a very hopeless task for one of our schoolboys. Suppose that you were called on to multiply CCXLIX by DLXXXV, subtract CXV, and then divide by LXV, I imagine that your fingers would ache before you got through. It was not until the eleventh century that the Arabic numbers came into use.

The study of geography comes next to arithmetic in our schools, and it ought to be prosecuted much more thoroughly than it actually is. The ignorance of cultivated people in this respect is astounding. Geography could not have been a part of the curriculum in any of the schools of antiquity. The first geography was made by Herodotus, about 500 B. C., and it covered a space of 1,700 miles by 1,660, the earth being bounded on the East by the Indian Ocean, on the west by the Atlantic, while the northern and southern boundaries were uncertain. The first maps were constructed by Eratosthenes, about 276 B. C.; and later on, 66 B. C., the great geography of Strabo was published; but this work was not at all adapted to use as a school text-book. The young Latins were sent to Athens to study Greek, but the knowledge of foreign languages in old times was not attained by poring over lexicons and grammars (which did not exist), but simply by the mingling of one people with another.

It hardly needs to be said that science, which forms so important a part of our modern education, could not have been taught in the schools of ancient time, simply because there was no such thing as sciences. The schoolboys were never called to recite in natural philosophy, or geology, or chemistry, or botany, or astronomy, or the laws of mechanics. B. C.

Grains of Gold.

Home is the tabernacle of all affections.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

We are never ruined by what we want, but by what we think we want.

When you find out another's ruling passion, beware of crossing him in it.

A wise man will neither speak nor do whatever anger would provoke him to.

Very nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftener of a little one.

The best heads can but misjudge in causes belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness it is this: cultivate cheap pleasures.

Er soft voice ain't allus de sign o' er tender soul. De wildest hab a mighty pitiful cry, but he's rank pizen.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield."

This world and the next resemble the east and west: you cannot draw near to one without turning your back on the other.

We are all adventurers, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

True greatness shows itself in ignoring or quickly forgetting personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Grace teaches us, in the midst of life's greatest comforts, to be willing to die, and in the midst of its greatest crosses to be willing to live.

Whatever study tends neither directly or indirectly to make us better men and citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness.

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent, and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

Femininities.

The ideal of a woman's character is beautiful goodness.

A maid is a young lady who is single, and who will be won if she marries.

She first deceased. He, for a little, tried
To live without her; liked it not, and died.

A colored woman reputed to be 110 years old, was baptised recently in a South Carolina river.

A cyclone resembles a woman, because when it makes up its mind to go somewhere, all earth can't stop it.

An Atlanta, Ga., paper advises every young man to get married. Women do not need any such advice on this subject.

"I believe," says Disraeli, cynically, "that there are some women who wear petticoats simply lest they should be mistaken for men."

The danger of excessive rope-jumping has again been illustrated, the victim this time being a Chester girl who "kept up to two hundred without missing."

The only female who was ever made an orderly sergeant in the United States army during the late war, was Miss Theresa Kelly, now a resident of Cleveland, O.

At Vassar—First dear girl: "Let's always spell gymnasium 'jim.'" Second dear girl. "Why?" First dear: "It looks so much more manly, you know."

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill, try to make them comprehend why, how the complaint arose, and the remedy so far as you know it.

"An Indiana young lady has invented a piano-stool that rests the back." The next step in the march of improvement is to invent a piano that will rest the neighborhood.

An eminent French medical practitioner demonstrates in a paper to the Academie Francaise, that the continued use of morphine results in the loss of the teeth and hair of those so using it.

Large women, says a well-known artist and expert, must have feet that, to be beautiful, would be very ugly on a smaller woman. The No. 1 boot is to a large extent, a female hallucination.

A new profession has made its appearance, namely, that of "floral adornist." The ladies who have graduated in that art will, for a fee of $, adorn the table for the dinner to be given; also the house for an evening reception.

All the Catherines of England are contributing to a fund to place a memorial of brass on Queen Catherine's tomb in Peterborough Cathedral, that poor old lady, though immortalized by Shakespeare, never having had a suitable monument.

Romantic young ladies who open their casements at night and gaze pensively upon the moon, are very foolish. The moon is 240,000 miles distant, and if there was a man in it, they couldn't get him. What's the use of being unreasonable?

The fashionable dame need no longer undergo the fatigue of having her own dresses tried on. The papier-mache figures are made to counterfeit her form exactly, and she may lounge in an easy chair while studying the results of her dressmaker's skill.

"And so you have received a divorce from that vagabond husband of yours, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes, I am glad to say that I have." "Didn't you feel quite overpowered when you heard the decision of the judge?" "Not exactly; I felt sort of unmanned, so to speak."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady, during a conversation about the old saints and apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions, for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Clara (who owns to twenty): "Think of the artfulness of that minx, Mary Oldmaiden! Would you believe it, she told Mr. Salter that I was twenty-five years old! She knew well enough she wasn't coming within five years of the truth." Dearest friend: "Why, Clara, you don't mean to say that she should have told him you were thirty!"

The more duties a woman has to perform the more need has she for uniform good temper and strong, healthy nerves. Some women are miserable when idle, even when rest is necessary. When to rest, how to rest, and where to rest, each must determine for herself; but all know that nature rebels unless true and complete rest is taken during some period of each day.

"You say that you do not intend to live with my daughter?" observed the mother-in-law to her new relative. "No, ma'am, I do not. After such a wedding cake as—" "What have you got to say against that wedding cake, sir? I would have you know that I baked that cake with my own hands." "Well, that alters the case," replied the bridegroom; "I thought she baked it."

At a certain station in Indiana the Lake Shore Company employs a lady ticket agent. She is a good agent, and attends closely to her business; but she is a woman still. The other day a lady traveler stepped up to the window and inquired about a train that was a little late. "Will the train be long?" she asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply of the fair ticket agent; "longer than last season, but without so many ruffles about the edge."

A young girl, who seems to know what she is talking about, objects to the criticisms which make it appear that those of her sex who are true and womanly are scarce; and she wishes to know whether it is necessary, when a young lady is receiving company in the parlor, that she shall lug in bedsteads, wash-tubs, scrubbing-brushes and smoothing-irons, in order to convince a lot of simpleton of young men that she can work in the kitchen.

There are hundreds of women, banded together or working singly, to whom every form of sorrow and helplessness is an attraction. They do not deal in dry statistical philanthropy, but in loving compassion. They are not "women with a mission," because the woman with a mission flaunts it before the world, and gets more or less in everybody's way; but these desire to remain unknown, never counting the debt humanity owes to them.

Masculinities.

The only difference between an ignorant man and a beast is in figure.

An inventor in New Haven has been toiling for something like thirty years over perpetual motion.

Sir Thomas Brassey, one of the richest men in the world, says that the life of the rich man is not a happy one.

The postmistress at Napoleon, Mich., has married the Democrat who, it is supposed, will be appointed her successor.

A marriage license has been issued to a couple at Saratoga, Santa Clara county, California, whose joint ages number one hundred and sixty-three years.

Two years ago a farmer in Oswego county, N. Y., was accused of watering his milk, and the matter has so preyed on his mind that it is thought to have made him insane.

Mamma (dining out): "It isn't polite, Bobby, to smack your lips in eating. You never do that at home." Bobby—"'Cause we never have anything worth smackin' over."

Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat-collar when it gets awry; but afterward she'll jerk it down into position as if she were throwing a door-mat out of the window.

Colonel Lamont, as Private Secretary of Governor Cleveland, of New York, received $4,000 a year. As Private Secretary of President Cleveland, of the United States, he will receive only $3,250 a year.

Sitting Bull has had a new straw hat made for him by a South Norwalk, Conn., firm. It is 9 1-4 in size—three sizes larger than the average hat—and has a rim that is thirty inches in circumference.

"Shall I play this pretty German waltz for you?" she asked, as she ran her fair fingers over the ivory keys. "No, thank you," he replied. "Play an American air. I do not understand German."

An 11-year-old New York boy fell out of a second-story window upon a woman who was passing, and generously offered to let her jump on him by way of compensating her for her injuries and indignation.

"Pa, who was Shylock?" Pater familias (with a look of surprise and horror)—"Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday-school regularly, and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir."

A dry goods clerk in a San Francisco store thoughtlessly called, "Hello!" into the mouthpiece of a hearing-tube which a deaf lady customer had handed him. She bounced out of the store, and he was bounced out by the proprietor.

Two hundred inmates of an insane asylum attended a theatrical performance in Louisville, Ky., some days ago, on the manager's invitation. The women behaved well, but several of the male patients acted in the most eccentric manner.

Fourteen years ago a Lynn county, Kas., man married a woman with a little daughter by a former husband. Two years ago he was divorced from his wife, and now he is married to her daughter, and his mother-in-law makes her home with him.

It is stated that a letter addressed to "the greatest of French poets," was once delivered to Victor Hugo, who forwarded it to Lamartine. With equal courtesy, Lamartine returned it, remarking that it had not miscarried in the first instance.

A gentleman was giving a little boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity, the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied: "More!"

Near Milwaukee, Wis., resides a man who is such a firm believer in eternal punishment for sin, by fire, that he has decorated his cellar with painted flames, wooden demons, and other horrible figures. To this place he takes his children to punish them.

Mrs. Yerger is not handsome, and her voice, when she sings, is dreadful; but Colonel Yerger is very demonstrative. "Why is he always kissing her?" asked a friend of the family of another gentleman. "I can't imagine, unless it is to keep her from singing."

A young minister of Oglethorpe county, Georgia, in order to raise funds for his Sunday-school, requests the scholars in his school to bring an egg every Sunday, for which he pays them, and by re-selling the eggs secures the needed money to pay the expenses of the school.

It is easy enough to amuse a healthy infant if one applies himself heartily to the delightful occupation. Recently a farmer who was left to tend the baby nailed a box on the beam of his plough, placed the youngster in it and proceeded with his work, greatly to the delight of the infant.

An autograph album, filled by himself, is owned by a young man spoken of by a Chicago paper. After he had got an album filled with signatures in the first place, its appearance offended his taste because of its want of neatness and uniformity. So he got a new book and copied all the names into it, and was happy.

A leading merchant of Troy, who died some time ago, left a will bequeathing his property, valued at $75,000, to his wife, and $1,000 in cash to his only sister. The latter was dissatisfied, and had the will contested, but gained nothing thereby, as the jury, the other day, decided against her. The contest cost $30,000.

"A nice husband you are!" said madam, in a passion. "You care less about me than about those pet animals of yours. Look what you did when your poodle, Azor, died." Husband (quietly): "Well, I had him stuffed." Wife (exasperated): "You wouldn't have gone to that expense for me—not you, indeed."

A Pittsburgh philosopher says: "There is something wrong with the way in which the young men of to-day shake hands. I either get a shake which impresses me with the idea that the other party doesn't care whether we shake or not, or I suddenly feel my hand grasped with a vise-like grip, which makes my back ache. The young man of to-day wants to show either his languidness or his muscle."

Where and What?

BY HENRY FRITH.

PEOPLE said, when I married Walter Knight, that it was for his money. Of course I expected they would say so; that is what is always said when a rich man chooses a poor girl; but what did I care for their talk, as long as it was false? I could not have married anyone for that; and though, to one who loved ease and luxury as well as I did, wealth might have been acceptable, as indeed it was, I was not as heartless as the world accused me of being.

That there has been an undercurrent of mystery about me that none have understood, that there have been leaves in my life which none about me have ever read, and that there have been depths in my soul never stirred by Walter Knight, I acknowledge.

I do it with sorrow, but not with guilt, for I have committed no crime. It might have been better had I confided everything to him at the beginning; it might have been worse.

It is too late now to know, but the time has come when the truth may be told; for, if Walter Knight was not the loved of all when I married him, he is to-day more to me than the whole world beside.

Let me speak something of my life now, then go back to my other life.

I am a fashionable woman, or, at least, I am called so; and if dress and parade, extravagance and gaiety are what constitutes one, goodness knows I deserve the title.

Do not judge from the words I use that I am averse to all this. You never saw many women willing to leave the *bon ton* when once they were in its whirl. And perhaps, after all, we have as much pleasure as the majority.

There are hours when something seems to beckon us away from our follies, and point us to a truer, nobler life. There are others when—I speak only of myself now—something I heard called an accusing conscience haunts me like an evil fiend. But even that I can almost throw off now. I could not once; you see I am progressing! I do not know where the road we travel leads to.

I have not seen the end yet. Perhaps my husband can say. He is a man of excellent judgment, and he is the one that opened the door and bade me enter the glittering crowd. What say you, Walter Knight, is the end peace? You smile and turn away. I am in earnest. If, at the last, I am to find desolation and ruin, why did you, of all others, lead me on? I know that you are proud of your wife; I glory in that; but what if all eternity should be sacrificed to that very pride?

I will tell you how I came to marry him. You might expect that I had loved before. Years ago I loved. Every woman of thirty looks back upon her first love, I believe, as the fallen angels do upon heaven. Nothing is ever like it again. Why, I thought sometimes that I would willingly give up all I call life, if I could go back and have one such hour as the long ago used to bring me.

I lived in the country, where the glad free mountain air kissed my brow, and left roses on my cheeks; where life was so very, very, different from this I live now, that I have sometimes wondered if old Hawley was not all quite a dream.

I was left parentless early; and, with none to cling to save my aged grandmother, it is not strange that I loved young. We lived in the old homestead after my parents died, and it was then that I saw Henry Spencer.

For two years I worshipped him with all my heart, body and soul. I don't know what there was that I would not have done for him; but, at the end of that time, the spell was broken.

A rumor reached my ears that he had told an intimate friend of his that he would propose to me only if I was an heiress! You see he had only been whiling away his time with me! The wretch! It roused all my old Stillworth pride, and I vowed revenge. I smiled upon him as if nothing had happened, went on my way quietly; but in the meantime Walter Knight who had looked upon me before with more than friendly eyes, but had received no encouragement until now, came and asked me to be his wife.

I answered yes, and a more bitter yes, I think, was never spoken than that. But my courage did not falter for an instant, and Henry Spencer awoke one morning to find that he was my dupe instead of my being his, as he had intended.

The poor fool! I more than half pitied him when I saw his startled white face after the wedding, though I believe that chapter of his life made him more of a man than anything else would.

I just saw him on my bridal day. I had gone down alone to my mother's grave, and I found him walking about the churchyard. He might have passed on without speaking had I not said to him, "If I had only been an heiress, how honored I might have been, Mr. Spencer!"

I could not help saying it. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

"Who told you that?" he said, and his face grew white.

"No matter. You said it!"

"Yes, and a viler sentence never passed my lips. I loved you truly—better than I knew myself, until to-day."

He slipped past me, and was gone. I have never seen him since.

If I was guilty of all else, there was honor enough left in my soul to make me loathe the very thoughts of loving one man while I was wedded to another. I would never do that, could never do it. In very desperation I tore out Henry Spencer's image from my heart, and learned to love my husband. Perhaps not as I might once, but truly and tenderly. I studied his wishes, and gratified them. I humored his slightest caprices; and if I have been unfaithful to myself, I have not to Walter Knight. So, you see, in the morning of my life, I was a happy country girl; at the noon-time I am a slave to fashion, the world, and my husband; when the even-tide shall come, where, and what?

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur.

Will the Fifth and Final Act be a Tragedy.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Dr. Lincoln, who was at the funeral of" "ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, says ex-" "President Arthur looked very unwell." "He is suffering from Bright's disease." "During the past year it has assumed a" "very aggravated form."

That telegram is act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In Act I. he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In Act II. he represented a tired man, worn down, walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls up for Act III. upon the distinguished actor afflicted with melancholy from bright's disease, while Act IV. discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely, (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of bright's disease of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, results from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits,—lawyers, clergymen, congressmen,—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives way gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old; and as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable." But are long, maybe, they "tap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover, if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to-day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

NEW YORK NEWS.

Styles at the Strongholds. Small Points for Parents. Items of Interest to All.

With the June Hegira in prospective buyers are casting about for the leaves and fishes of fashion.

Modistes to the mercantile "manor born," send forth their final edict concerning certain minutiæ of the modes, upon which the style and character of the costume depend.

Belted basques with pleats stitched down the whole length, from shoulder and neck to the waist and below it, are worn by both children and grown people.

Veiling, white or tinted, is the prettiest of all materials for little girls' garden-party dresses.

The hat scarf is the ruling feature in summer millinery, and the rule is, to have it tinsel-shot, although some very fashionable women utterly refuse to wear tinsel.

Bonnets seem to have reached their greatest height for this season at least.

A very effective and elegant border for a frock of soft cream surah or China silk is made thus: An inch-wide band of black velvet for the first row, then alternate rows of gold and silver braid until the band is wide enough, when it is finished with another band of black velvet, about half an inch wide. These velvet bands are not of ribbon, but of velvet cut on the bias, and the gold soutache must overlap and fasten down the raw edges. This border makes a charming band for the top of the hem of the skirt, which has no flounces, and similar bands of less width from the trimmings of the overskirt, sleeves and bodice. In the hands of an artist dressmaker, these materials make an ideal frock for a pretty woman.

English styles take precedence of all others.

Plaid cassimeres, checked suitings, homespun and fine mixtures are the stuffs for mens' business suits.

The three pieces should be of the same cloth, though pants of light, or colored goods are still permissable. *Very* light trousers are out of date.

The cutaway coat is preferred for dressy day-wear by young men of fashion though older disciples of the modes wear the double breasted Prince Albert frock.

The English fancy of wearing a white, cream or fawn-colored duck waistcoat, dotted with darker color or black is coming into summer fashion on this side.

The evening suit for summer is of black "worsted"—not so heavy as cloth—and with no material change in the cut of any of the three garments composing the same, save the legs of the trousers are wider.

Four-button cutaway coats, and double-breasted frock coats are both correctly worn as parts of day dress suits, and are seen at luncheon and breakfast, morning weddings, noon and afternoon parties and day receptions. They are also suitable for church, visiting, walking and driving in the city. The three-button morning coat, buttoning lower in front, and with flaps on the hips, will take the place of the four-button high cut coat.

Single-breasted reefing suits fit close to the figure, have patch pockets and swelled seams. They are made of large and pronounced plaids and will be immensely popular in New York, as they are the rage in London just now.

According to *The Season* for July, a remarkable change is introduced in Paris in gentlemen's evening dress. Knee breeches and silk hose are worn on all festive occasions. The knee breeches are long enough to cover the knee, are finished on the other seam with three buttons and button-holes, and they fasten with a buckle or bow of ribbon. The black silk stockings and low patent leather shoes are the natural sequences of short trousers.

Shirt fronts are plain, and are made of three and four thicknesses of linen in the shield shape. Two studs only are worn. Those set with fine-colored stones, or small diamonds of first water.

Undervests and drawers, *en suite* of silk or India gauze are most desirable, as they assimilate with every movement of the figure, and preserve intact the electric forces of the system.

No watch-chains are worn; or, if any, only a small fob chain with no trinkets attached.

* * *

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., has a jail of adobe walls, through which, it is said, prisoners can push holes with a broom handle.

EVERYBODY admires beautiful hair, and every one may possess it, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Headache,
Toothache Inflammation,
Congestions, Asthma,
Influenza, Sore Throat,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

Dysentery, Diarrhœa.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

Sold by Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents Per Box

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Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Recent Book Issues.

"Queen Victoria's Olive Tree and Other Poems," is a little book in verse by G. A. Hammond, of Kingsclear, New Brunswick, Can. The poems are generally of a religious bearing, and refer to the past, present, and future of the Hebrew race and faith. In the matter of composition the various poems are good, tho' their subjects would necessarily make them of particular interest to a special class. For sale by the author.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka has written a book of hunting adventure with the attractive title "Nimrod in the North," which Messrs. Cassell & Co. will publish this month. He describes in a general way the life of the sportsman in the frozen north, his camps, his sledges, and the native hunter and his weapons, and the animals that furnish the sport.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Vick's Floral Monthly for June is full of information valuable and interesting to all flower-lovers. James Vick, Publisher, New York.

The June *Century* opens with a fine portrait of Sir John Herschell. Two other full page portraits, of William, the father, and Caroline, the sister of Sir John, accompany Prof. Edwin S. Holden's paper on, The Three Herschels. Amusement and information are mingled in Eugene V. Smalley's second paper on the New Orleans Exposition, with illustrations by Kemble. Mr. Howells has a third paper under the title, A Florentine Mosaic, illustrated by Pennell. In, Still-hunting the Grizzly, Theodore Roosevelt describes the present state of that dangerous sport and his own dangerous experiences. Two full-page illustrations accompany his narrative. A finely illustrated paper on Orchids is by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, contributes his answer to the question "How Shall we Help the Negro?" The poetry is excellent while the fiction comprises one short story, and instalments of the serials by Mr. Howells and Henry James. The war articles in this number describing the disaster to the confederates at Beaver Creek and the terrible battle next day at Gaines' Mill; Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah, by Gen. Imboden; and, Memoranda on the Civil War, by Col. J. W. Bissell. The several departments supply some very attractive reading. The Century Co., New York.

THE DOCTOR AND THE MANIAC.—The doctor of one of our lunatic asylums had a narrow escape the other day. He was crossing the courtyard where the worst of the male patients took their exercise, when one man, who had long borne a feeling of resentment against him, came up to him in rather a threatening manner. None of the keepers were within hail, and the maniac stood between the doctor and the door he had just left, while the whole yard and all the other patients were between him and the door he wished to reach.

Madmen are somewhat like sheep—what the one does they will all do; and had the one man set upon the doctor, the whole hundred and fifty would have followed his example. For a moment he felt tempted to run, and so gain the opposite door, but he knew it was locked, and, not having the key (a piece of carelessness he now bitterly regretted), he would have to wait till the warder opened it to him, while the fact of his having run, or showed the least fear, would be the signal for the whole lot to rise against him.

As it was the lunatic was coming nearer and nearer, shouting out words of hatred and murder, waving his arms frantically as he called on the others to assist him; and, what was worse, his wild gestures were beginning to attract the others' attention. Many heads were raised and many eyes that had before been calmly indifferent were now flashing angry glances at the unfortunate doctor, who, with dismay, saw they were closing him in. Gradually drawing nearer and nearer with the cunning of madness, they were now cutting off his retreat!

For a moment he almost despaired; then his knowledge of maniacs came to his aid, and, boldly going up to one a little less belligerent than the others, he laid his hand on his arm. "Do you see that man?" he said, pointing to the ringleader; "catch him—he's mad." Each madman thinks every other man mad but himself, and the attention of the whole yard was immediately turned from the doctor to the maniac.

A tremendous scuffle ensued, during which the doctor made good his escape, and sent the warders at once to quiet the disturbance and to rescue the would-be assassin, who would have had small chance of life if left to the mercy of his fellow-lunatics.

The doctor ever after that took care not to cross the courtyard alone, or without having the keys in his pocket.

POMP AND VANITY.—Crœsus, King of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his bedizened person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer. "There is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our courtyard, nor cock on our dung-hill, nor a lily of the field, that does not surpass you in glory!"

Humorous.

THE STRAW.

Come out, last summer's hat! 'Tis seven months
  Since you were duly laid away.
March forth, old hat! Let gaggle laugh!
  I'll spring you on them while I May.

June know, Eliza, where's that hat?
  I autumn meet it summers here.
If it is gone my hopes are flat,
  And I shall suffer some, I fear.

Why, everybody swears to-day
  Because the mercury gets high;
And when I told a crowd 'twas not,
  There wasn't one who said, "July."

I didn't lie: my August form
  Was nearly weak enough to fail.
What do I want? Eliza Jane,
  I want my old straw hat,—that's all.

You burnt it up? That sort of thing
  Should be prevented by the law.
Straws show which way the money goes,
  But women never care a straw.

—U. N. NONE.

"It seems to me," moaned Algernon, as he flew toward the front gate, with the old man behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

A doctor advertised "a wonderful discovery for preserving the scalp." We don't know how it is made, but our prescription is to stay East where there are no Indians.

Pall-bearers were walking away from the grave in which they had deposited a neighbor, when one said to the other: "Well, Mr. Morse, here's where we'll all have to come, if we live."

There is a society in Paris for the purpose of obliterating all profane expressions from all the languages in the world. If it succeeds, what will a man say when he first puts on roller skates?

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Trotter." "Why, Johnny?" "Because it makes sister Rose so happy to have you go away. You ought never to miss an evening." They missed Trotter for the rest of that evening.

Little Bertha was presented with a parasol, which pleased her so much that she exclaimed: "Oh, I will carry it all my life!" "What will you do with it the day you are married?" "I will give it to my children," unhesitatingly replied Miss Bertha.

Edwin (who is fond of lecturing his future bride): "Well, good-bye, Angie. I don't know how it is, but I always seem to leave you in tears." Angelina (tenderly, through her sobs): "I—I'd sooner you should leave me in tears, love, than never leave at all."

An invalid went into a drug-store the other day to buy some medicine. "Do you keep the best drugs?" he asked. "You can't get better," replied the urbane druggist. "I can't, eh? Well, then, there is no use for medicine," said the customer, as he strode out, in disgust.

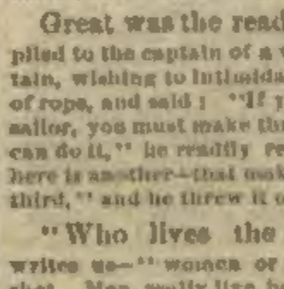
Great was the readiness of a lad who applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said: "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends of the rope." "I can do it," he readily replied. "Here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

"Who lives the longest," a student writes us—"women or men?" Women by a long shot. Men really live beyond the memory of their ages, but it is a common thing to meet a women who misses the date of her birth by twenty-five years every time she tries to remember it. Dear boy, all the old women aren't seventy-three, and all the girls aren't just turned twenty-four. Ponder this problem, and grow wise.

It is said that a colored blacksmith of Georgia was shoeing a mule not long ago, when the animal disengaged itself and drove one of its hind feet against the negro's head, with the force of a battering-ram. A few days afterward someone inquired of the owner if the blacksmith had sustained severe injuries from the kick he had received. "I can't say that he did," responded the man, dejectedly, "but the mule goes on three legs now."

A Liberal Offer.

The finest Fashion Quarterly in the country, comprehending reliable information concerning styles, fabrics and fancies in current vogue, hints to home decorators, together with samples of dress goods, system of measurement, price list, circular of latest styles, references and other data, will be forwarded for one year on receipt of FIFTY CENTS (50c.) to cover mailing expenses. Send orders to "MANAGER," Press Exchange, P. O. Box 2262, New York City; or, 74 Kearney St., Newark, N. J. Circulars and correspondence without charge.



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PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address: PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 60 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopedia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 112 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

70 New Scrap Pictures and 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. Sample Book 5c. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

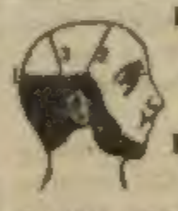
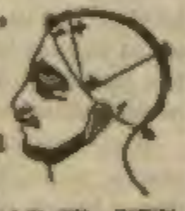
USE HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

It is a medicinal preparation, and, at the same time, an elegant and cleanly toilet article. Its action upon the scalp is healthful. It nourishes the glands which support the hair, and causes thin, dry hair to become thick, soft, and vigorous. It restores the color of youth to locks which have become faded with age or disease; and relieves and cures itching, caused by humors of the scalp. Dr. George Gray, Nashua, N. H., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the wonderful effects produced by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, as observed by me in very many cases. IT WILL CERTAINLY RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. It cleanses the head of dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, glossy, and beautiful." F. T. Sandhein, 1010 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "After unavailingly trying a number of preparations to prevent my hair from falling out, and, realizing that I was fast becoming bald, I tried, as a last resort, Hall's Hair Renewer. I have used only four bottles of the Renewer, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best preparation in the market for checking the falling out of hair, invigorating the hair roots, and promoting a new growth."

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

commends itself to all who have occasion to use a dye for the beard or mustache. It will change gray, faded, or sandy whiskers, to a beautiful brown or black, as desired. The colors produced are natural and lasting. It cannot be washed off, contains no destructive ingredients, is cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., U. S. A. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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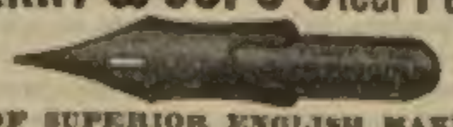
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

PERRY & CO.'S Steel Pens.



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Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches inclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 621 Market St., Phila., Pa.

60 Lovely Cards Assorted Hidden Name and Chromos, with a pretty 30-page Autograph Album and two $5 Prize Puzzles, all postpaid, for 14c. Send a club of 4, and we will print you a package FREE. Order at once. (Agents Samples, Only 4 cents.) HOLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

ALL IMPERFECTIONS of the Face, Hands & Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting & treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book.

HIRES' Improved Root Beer. Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Those whose purses are light—and there are many light purses in these times—can buy durable, well-looking material at a low price. There are a great many figured tussores with fancy stripes in mixed coloring; canvas, plain and figured, shot Surah with diagonal stripes to make up with other stuffs, such as cashmere; and a long list of similar silks, all intended to be used in combination with other materials, stripes being the dominant feature. They are used as panels on the skirt, vests, cuffs, and collar. Faille Francaise, a soft make of corded silk and gros grain, is more fashionable than either brocade or satin. Brocade seems principally confined to the more expensive kinds, and very beautiful they are. But there is nothing distinctively new, except the shaded brocades, the weaving being of such a nature as to give the appearance of a shadow behind the pattern. Some of the corded silks have fancy stripes in a combination of colors, such as green, red, and blue; black and red, mousse and yellow-green. Gros grain displays thread stripes, and sometimes a tiny brocade. Fashionable shades are bonton d'or, Nil, pink, and straw, brown, blue, grey, mousse, chaudron, and chartreuse. Watered silks and moires have come in again, both plain and with satin stripes. Some effective cheap little *fete* dresses are made in printed Bengaline, with a light ground such as cream, with fans and other shaded patterns on them.

There are many new gauzes with stone grounds and stripes and designs in brown, mousse, grey, terra-cotta, and gold, with stiff conventional flowers printed here and there and armorial shields and mediæval devices. The ribbons in this style have almost superseded all others. Byzantine scarves are made for hats and bonnets. Crowns of this for bonnets vie with a large number of canvas gauzes. A great deal of very narrow ribbon is used, and soft silk and Surah ribbons of all widths. Gauze ribbons with satin edges have come in again, and a large choice of moire ribbons. Very wide soft silk sashes are worn with dresses. Crepe with tufts of chenille plays its part in millinery, but gold is the principal feature. Even the birds' wings used are striped with gold or covered with gold. The aigrettes are a mixture of ostrich, marabout, and cayrey, the marabout often powdered with gold. Gold threads find their way into many of the silk and woollen goods of the season intended both for dresses and millinery, and there would seem to be a rather more decided tendency towards meretricious ornaments and gay coloring this season than we have indulged in for many years past.

Pretty little jackets are numerous, and show great diversity of style and shape. Some are made quite plain, and have a shaped braided pattern all round and up each front; others are made in coat fashion, with smart little turned-down collars, breast pockets, and the back arranged like a gentleman's morning coat. Others again have pleated backs, and the fronts crossed with gimp ornaments and hanging cords, and these have immensely high plain collars; then there are some new coats in long redingote fashion.

The Zouave and loose-fronted jackets are immensely popular, and certainly give a style and finish to a plain costume that is almost as effective as any quantity of trimming, those of velvet being especially admirable over the soft canvas so extensively used for dresses. A gown of cream canvas trimmed with yak lace of the same tint had a pretty little zouave of bright brown velvet lined with gold satin, the small Swiss belt and loops of ribbon on the dress being also of the gold color.

Lace skirts of the straight all-round type are already prepared. Some are draped quite high on one side by ribbon or jet loops over skirts of silk or satin; and many have belts of velvet or satin cut in the Swiss fashion; others have banded bodices and tiny zouave coats of satin or velvet lined with bright colors.

In cotton fabrics, suitable for summer morning dresses, there is great variety of make and color. The imitation Bulgarian cloth is one of the most popular, and to be seen with close narrow lines of one or two colors, or with inch broad stripes, also with an effective detached design, in imitation of the real embroidery, or with a continuous tracery of colored branches, and lastly, with a dotted or boucle surface. Pale brown, lichen, green, white, and almost every color are represented. There are some printed cambrics, with little chintz patterns, that have not been seen for many a long year, and which, with the addition of lace and ribbon, will make it into the most dainty of morning gowns. Also printed voiles and llamas, and a new Galatea dress material in woven cotton, cool and yet warm, with broad stripes of three for the skirt, and narrow lines for the upper dress, particularly suitable for rough country and later seaside wear. Grenat and navy blue stripes go well together, also brown and deep cream, and many others. A thin material for hot summer wear is etamine, resembling a fine canvas, with a small colored flower scattered over with touches of shining gold. There is a colored canvas with lace effect, for mixing with silk or cashmere, in brown and red and navy blue; fine boating and tennis serge, very light in weight, with broad stripes of color, divided by a gold line; cashmere foule in shaded stripes of three colors, and other tempting novelties.

Costumes of wool canvas have been exceedingly popular especially in ecru, beige, tan, and the new dull blue colorings. Plain and striped canvas is used in each dress. For example, a blue canvas costume will have the bodice in plain blue made with small red velvet revers and straps, the latter crossing the full plastron. The skirt is of the striped canvas, the red lines extending round it, and covering the front and sides of the false silk underskirt without any fulness, but at the back a slightly bouffant effect is given by some plain blue drapery.

There is a bizarre element in current fashions; short dresses are more in vogue than last season, for they are now worn at formal dinners. This is a sensible fashion, but the divers and fantastic ways in which the skirts are draped make it impossible to describe them in an intelligible manner. The short dress is made to resemble a full round skirt, but is always mounted on a false skirt measuring about two yards and a third in breadth. The best dresses have this skirt faced with silk, and the plaited frill round the edge is sewn between the skirt and the facing. Two pinked out silk frills now replace the muslin balayeuse, and are sewn inside the silk facing, giving a tasteful finish at the foot of the skirt when seen by accident. Bustles are large, because there is a tendency to banish the masses of drapery on the tournure. The cushion of hair is thick, and tacked through with thread at intervals to prevent the hair matting; this is sewn to the belt, and below it are two steels run in casings across the back of the foundation skirt. When pad bustles are objected to, a third steel is used eight inches below the belt, cut in two for the pocket hole, a hook and eye at the end of the casing fastening it.

Walking-costumes are still generally made with long-waisted bodices, coming down into a point in front, and cut shorter over the hips; there are often four small points in front. This bodice is made plain with small embroidered patterns, braid put on in vandykes—sometimes with a vest or revers, or one deep revers—but always plain, for full puffings and plastrons do not agree with mantles and paletots.

The blouse, or Russian redingote, is worn a good deal this spring; it has a full bodice confined round the waist by a sash, but this is becoming to very thin figures only. It is made of cashmere and other light woollen materials, either plain or striped, and requires no trimming whatever beyond the sash, which may be of velvet or ribbon, or even of very wide woollen braid.

At present, the most approved of mantles is the short mantelet, fitted to the figure at the back, and falling in loose lapels in front, made of plain or brocaded velvet, without any lining, and trimmed with lace or passementerie and fringe.

Very pretty jackets are also made of velvet, plain, stamped, or brocaded; of silk brocaded with velvet; and of thick-ribbed Ottoman silk. They have no trimming, but brandebourgs of silk cord down the middle in front. Simpler jackets are of vigogne or Ottoman cloth, or plain cashmere cloth in dark shades of blue, green, brown, or gray. But the *manteau de fatigue* for rainy days is the long redingote of water-proof cloth, which is made either tight-fitting or full, and gathered in at the waist by a belt, according to the figure.

Domestic Economy.

For those people who entertain with dinner parties rather than balls, flowers at this time of the year begin to be less an article of luxury, the decoration of the table becomes an easier matter than during the depth of the winter, and affords an opportunity for the exercise of more ability and taste in the introduction of novelties. The arrangement that has been most in favor recently has been the adoption of one color throughout the decorations, and as in spring the prevailing tint of the color is yellow, a "harmony in yellow" has been a good deal resorted to, and has been very successfully produced in the following manner. A piece of amber satin down the centre of the table, embroidered with the beautiful productions of Japan. In the centre of the table a large bowl or vase of daffodils, and as a border to the piece of satin, arranged at intervals down the table, small bunches of these flowers, held together with a rosette of tulip leaves, the leaves utilized as, and having the precise appearance of, pale green ribbons, to tie them in posies. Then the menus and name cards, with the same flowers hand-painted on them, a duplex lamp suspended over the centre from the ceiling, with a large silk shade the same color, and small shades to match for the candles placed on the table, the result being a combination to delight the admirers of "symphonies" and "harmonies" in yellow. Another fancy is to have for the centre strip, a piece of black satin embroidered in the beautiful raised gold and silver work of Delhi, some large oriental china bowls filled with pale yellow tulips, thirty or forty tulips in each bowl, and interspersed between the bowls tall Venetian wine glasses, with jonquils and daffodils in them. In thus arranging the table two sorts of flowers are never put together, but the one kind of flowers with the foliage belonging to its massed together.

Another charming arrangement for a dinner-table may be made with arum lilies and their large, glossy leaves; they look lovely in a tall, slender vase, so they do also laid simply on the table; and a pretty finish for the edge of the satin is a thick wreath of fern, ivy, and small begonia leaves; but it is, perhaps, a somewhat barbarous fashion, as the leaves are withered and dead before the next morning.

Many dinner menus now have flowers tastefully painted on them, and some have quaint designs, such as the head of a cat or a dog peeping out of an envelope at the top of the card.

There is still a tendency not to lengthen out unduly the number of the dishes, but to get great perfection in the cooking and serving; and it is not uncommon at some of the most ceremonious dinner parties for the dishes to be limited to one soup, two fish, two entrees, and one each relevé, rot, entremet, and glace, or a total of about nine courses, instead of the wearisome eighteen to twenty courses of a few years since.

Some ladies now wear, fastened at their waist, a bunch of roses or some other flower tied with ribbon. It has a pretty effect, and looks simple; but the flowers quickly fade in that position, as they come in contact with the wearer's arms and with the table, and do not long keep their fresh appearance.

In some drawing rooms now you frequently find one of the small tables appropriated entirely to a collection of all old silver work, such as Indian bracelets, armlets, necklets, bangles, Norwegian clasps, old English buckles, silver snuffer trays, and snuffers (some of which are beautifully worked), emery cases, thimbles and thimble cases, Norwegian belts, old watches and watch cases, antique head ornaments, old snuff boxes, and other "odds and ends" of bygone days, which have probably been lying hid for years—laid aside in drawers and cupboards, and long forgotten. If the table be covered with a piece of velvet of appropriate color to show off the whiteness of the silver—purple or dark blue is most suitable for this purpose—it is surprising to find what a pretty and interesting collection may be got together, and the delight that one's friends will take in looking at these treasures of a bygone age.

Most of us find a collection of friends' photographs far outgrow the photographic albums, and a pretty box, with a division down the centre, is a convenient way of keeping them from the dirt and dust, and under lock and key, a thing that has its advantages, as servants are found of turning over the albums as they lie about, and dirty finger-marks do not improve the look of the books. Another pretty and convenient way of keeping Christmas and New Year's cards and photographs is a satin case something like a handkerchief sachet, with forget-me-nots worked on it in silks, and on the reverse sides "Mes amis" embroidered across it. Bronze satin, lined with pale blue, is a good combination; and if the flowers are well worked they make artistic little cases.

Rich Chocolate Pudding.—Beat to a cream six ounces of butter, add a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, three ounces of sugar, and by degrees the yolks of eight eggs, with a quarter of a pound of grated brown bread. Pound together to a powder a quarter of a stick of vanilla and eight cloves; add these to the pudding, stirring in at the last the whites of the eight eggs beaten to a froth. Butter a mould well, pour in the pudding, and boil an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

Beef Pudding.—Chop fine some nice, tender cold beef, and arrange a thick layer of it over a layer of best Italian macaroni, which has previously been boiled for twenty minutes in salted water. Have ready some fresh or canned tomato which has been thoroughly stewed with butter, a bit of onion, a sprig of parsley, and a clove or two. Pour this tomato over the beef, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake in oven till brown.

Welsh Rabbit.—Cut a large slice of bread and an even slice of cheese. Let the bread be the shape of the cheese, but a little larger every way; put a salamander in the fire or a large poker; or the bottom of a fire-shovel heated red-hot will do. While the iron is heating toast the bread carefully on both sides, without making it hard or burning it; then toast the cheese on one side; lay the bread in a plate; lay the cheese upon it with toasted side downwards; hold the red-hot iron over the other side to toast and brown it; put a little mustard on it, and send it up very hot. Two should go up together.

Confidential Correspondents.

ELLA.—A *solo* is something that is sung or played by one person. The voices of young persons generally begin to break at fifteen.

DARK.—No one can decide on such a matter but yourself; taste has nothing to do with it, if you like each other. It is better for the gentleman to be the elder of the two. 2. Moles have no signification.

J. B.—Civil service reform seeks to separate the employment of Government employees from political influence, secure their retention during good behavior, and to place the entire business of Government upon a business basis.

ALLEN.—It is true that many persons suppose that Hannibal and the Carthaginians must have been black men, because Carthage was in Africa. But such a notion is utterly erroneous. The Carthaginians were members of the Caucasian or dominant race, and Hannibal was as white as Cæsar or Bonaparte.

ADELINE.—The phrase "to rat," is applied to any sudden or mercenary change in politics. It originated, no doubt, from the sagacity of rats forsaking a ship not water-proof. It is not only applied to those who desert their political party from some mercenary motive, but is used in most trades for those who execute work at less than the regular scale of prices.

BESSIE.—We can only say to you what we have said before. Put all such nonsense out of your head. Act like a sensible woman. Find something to do, and don't spend your life sighing after a man whom you acknowledge cares nothing for you. Any girl who respected herself would never take everybody into her confidence, as you appear to do, about a matter of which she ought to be heartily ashamed.

MISS C.—The gentleman is no doubt prepossessed in your favor, but is very bashful. He evidently does not like to introduce himself; and this is very proper on his part. Yet he cannot help showing by his manner how much he is struck by our appearance. You must let matters take their course, because you yourself cannot give the gentleman any encouragement to address you. Depend upon it he will find some legitimate means of being introduced to you.

HARRY.—Draw your gloves on before entering the ball-room, and do not take them off while in the dancing-rooms; at supper time you may take them off, as nothing is more ridiculous or affected than to eat in gloves. No person should attempt to dance unless he is quite conversant with the figures; his blunders not only make himself laughed at, but place his partner in a very embarrassing position. As for the steps, a knowledge of them is quite superfluous: for it is much better to walk or glide through the quadrilles.

C. H.—Dreams were much relied upon by the Greeks. We have accounts of them and their prognostications in the heathen mythology. There is also Scriptural authority for a reliance upon dreams: that mentioned by Joseph in the Gospel of St. Matthew. In Westminster Abbey are singular records of Edward the Confessor. A remarkable modern instance is attested in the life of Lord Lyttleton; that distinguished nobleman expired three days after a singular dream, in which he was warned of his approaching dissolution.

J. Q.—You have a most laudable desire to improve yourself and to cultivate an intellect that thirsts for knowledge. But you do not take the easiest method to accomplish your aim. You begin by composing poetry, instead of prose. This is the fault of many persons similarly placed; they do not commence with the a, b, c of composition, but plunge at once into its most difficult mazes. You evidently possess ability; why not endeavor to exercise it usefully? Perfect yourself in prose composition; and then essay the higher flight of poetry.

L. S.—Lovers should not get into a habit of disputing about matters of etiquette in regard to their behavior to one another; nor should they raise questions as to whether or not either of them is respectful or disrespectful towards the other. Such petty bickerings always lead to serious difficulties; and they also betray a lack of true love, not to mention a want of common sense. When a couple are truly and devotedly attached to each other, they will be pretty certain to practice that highest style of etiquette which springs from the heart, and from a desire on the part of each to make the other's condition at all times as pleasant as possible.

B. H. C.—The formation of a bunion may in the beginning be prevented, but only in the beginning; for when once actually formed, it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bunion, it is necessary whenever and wherever a boot or shoe pinches to have it eased at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bunion has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any peace, and not have it increase, he must have a last made to fit his foot, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bunion inflames, and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

WILLY.—We learn from one of the ancient poets that the mulberry derives its fine color from the two unfortunate lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe. We are told that it was originally snow-white, but that when Pyramus, in despair upon the supposed death of his mistress, killed himself with his own sword, he fell under the shade of this tree; Thisbe, finding him in this situation, followed his example,—and their blood, flowing about the trees, was absorbed by them, and gave color to the fruit.

Dark in the rising tide the berries grew,
And, white no longer, took a sable hue;
But brighter crimson springing from the root,
Shot through the black, and purpled o'er the fruit.

STUDENT.—The buzzing and humming sounds produced by winged insects are not, as you suppose, vocal sounds. They result from sonorous undulations imparted to the air by the flapping of their wings. This may be rendered evident by observing that the noise always ceases when the insect alights on any object. An instrument has been ingeniously applied for the purpose of ascertaining the rate at which the wings of each creature flap. The instrument being brought into unison with the sound produced by the insect, indicates, as in the case of any other musical sound, the rate of vibration. In this way it has been ascertained that the wings of a gnat flap at the rate of 18,000 times per second. The pitch of the note produced by this insect in the act of flying is, therefore, more than two octaves above the highest note of a seven octave pianoforte.